

Children's Newspaper, February 11, 1928

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE BIRDS THAT MET THE FLYING MAN

A MEETING IN THE CLOUDS

THE BIRD'S RIGHT OF WAY

Air Liner Among a Flock of
Rooks Over Kent

THE TURN THAT WAS TOO LATE

By Our Natural Historian

Our airmen should be invited to publish a volume of nature notes from time to time, for they have strange experiences with birds and animals.

C.N. readers have already been informed of several encounters between eagles and aeroplanes, and now comes the tale of a collision in mid-air between an Imperial Airways plane and a flock of homing rooks in Kent.

The air liner was flying at about 500 feet when a great company of rooks approached at about the same level. They came straight on, calmly ignoring the liner, evidently expecting it would give way to them. Captain Wilcockson, the pilot, maintained his course, expecting that the birds would give way, but not until they were within fifty feet of the plane did they deviate from their line. Then they divided into two flocks. The change was made too late, for one of each of the flocks was killed.

In the Alps

The contempt and ferocity with which eagles attack airmen in the Alps are proof that birds have no sense of the power and terror of an aeroplane, but regard it as some booby interloper which can be forced to give way to them. It is but a little while since another Imperial Airways pilot, Captain Horsey, had similar proof of this strange fact.

He was flying between Zurich and London, and had risen 6000 feet to clear the Alps when he encountered a host of small birds, looking to him like sparrows, approaching in spearhead formation at the same height as himself, but flying south. The birds formed a mass of moving life hundreds of yards long, and numbered probably a million.

The Airman Gives Way

The pilot naturally supposed that they would scatter and let him through, but they treated him with disdain. They kept straight on as if the giant plane were some moving cloud, and at the last moment, in order to avoid a collision which might have wrecked the machine, it was he who had to give way.

We shall see what will happen in the course of the next few years. Will birds learn that aeroplanes are to be avoided, as their ancestors learned to avoid the first telegraph wires; or will pilots be driven to recognise that birds must have right of way?

There have been bird casualties; but, on the other hand, the great eagles have at least one wrecked plane to regard as a trophy, and the little birds have forced a pilot off his course.

E. A. B.

Ready for the Seaside



It is an ill wind that blows no one any good. A number of Westminster children whose homes were damaged by the London flood have been sent to the seaside for a short holiday while their homes are being dried and repaired. Some of the boys and girls climbed on to the front of the motor-lorry that carried them, and had their photographs taken just before their start for the country.

MAKE MUCH OF YOUR HORSES

We have received this wholly beautiful letter from a reader who during the war served as a member of a brigade of field artillery, and is now a minister in the North of England.

I was much impressed by the beautiful prayer "for all dumb friends" which you recently printed.

"Make much of your horses" was a recognised Army Order used in the Brigade of Field Artillery in which I served during the war. When we came in from a long route march this was the last order given before the dismount, and it was obeyed by three soft, caressing pats given to each horse by its rider in unison with the whole battery or brigade.

Imagine the scene. The brigade, dust-covered and travel-stained, is drawn up in regular lines, each team of horses level with its neighbours almost to an inch. The officers are in front of their sections, and the colonel facing all.

Suddenly the colonel's voice rings out: *Make much of your horses!* and instantly the sound of three gentle pats in exact unison fills the air, and every rider knows that his horse feels a gentle thrill of pleasure run down its soft, glossy neck, saying ever so plainly Thank you.

Make much of your horses! Three gentle pats—that is all. Perhaps it does not sound much, but to our dumb friends it feels good. They know it is just our way of saying Thank you to them after they have borne us swiftly and safely through the long day's travel.

I never complied with that order without feeling strangely moved. It was so refreshing to find that our machine-like army had, at least in so far as it was concerned with animals, some place for imagination and emotion.

THE GREAT BRASS BRAIN

A MARVELLOUS THING AND WHAT IT DOES

A Wonderful Peep Back to the Night of Paul Revere

FINDING A POET OUT

In the Coast Survey Office at Washington there is always at work a tide-predicting machine, which is such a marvellous calculator that the officials call it the Great Brass Brain.

This brass Robot forecasts the tides for more than a year ahead at 84 important places and 3500 smaller ones. It takes seven hours to work out and report the times at each port, and it throws in the information about the exact height to which the water may be expected to rise or fall.

It can prophesy for a hundred years ahead or delve into the past. Not long ago it was given the odd task of finding what was the exact hour at which it was high tide at Boston on the night of April 18, 1775. That was the night when Paul Revere set out on his famous ride to warn the farmers that the British troops were marching on Concord.

A Legend Upset

He had two hours' start. He or his friend who watched in the belfry saw the British cross from Boston to East Cambridge, then almost an island. Longfellow describes the troops as

A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

They set out from Boston an hour before midnight; they did not cross till nearly three hours after. At any rate, Paul Revere had two hours' start. Legend has maintained for a century and a half that what kept them back was the high tide between 11 and 12 o'clock.

The Great Brass Brain has now found that high tide was not till two o'clock that morning, the hour when the British were crossing by the causeway. The tide, therefore, could not have kept them back. The legend is wrong. What did detain them was a long wait for provisions. The troops could not fight without breakfast, unlike the Great Brass Brain, which wants no meals.

VILLAGE TOWER OF BABEL

The ravages caused by the war have been disastrous to the population of France, and vast numbers of foreign workmen have been enrolled to fill up the gaps in French industries.

This is specially noticeable in the small commune of Potigny, near Falaise, the country of William the Conqueror, where there are important iron mines. Of the 1731 inhabitants 1375 are foreigners, 1056 being Poles, 13 Austrians, 19 Belgians, 13 Spaniards, 35 Italians, 20 Moors, 39 Russians, 15 Serbians, 154 Czechoslovaks, five Hungarians, two Chinese, and one Latvian.

THE PANAMA GANG AND THE MAN IN CHARGE OF IT A Little Discontent and the Reason Why END OF A GREAT LIFE

General Goethals has ended his busy life, an old man of seventy. He was the chief engineer of the Panama Canal.

Under his chief, Dr. Gorgas, who died a few years ago, he had charge of the Panama Gang of nearly fifty thousand men, who cut down four million square miles of brushwood, drained one million square yards of swamp, cut thirty million square yards of grass, maintained three million feet of ditches, emptied three hundred thousand oilcans, used nearly three million pounds of quinine, fumigated eleven million cubic feet of house space.

Another Job Wanted

When their work was done one of the American poets wrote an application for another job for them:

Got any river they say isn't crossable?
Got any mountains that can't be cut through?
We specialise in the wholly impossible,
Doing things "nobody ever could do!"

Yes, the canal is our letter of reference;
Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;
What can we do for you—got any preference,
Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the Moon?

Take a good look at the whole husky crew of us,
Engineers, doctors, and steam-shovel men;
Taken together you'll find quite a few of us
Soon to be ready for trouble again.

Bronzed by the tropical sun that is blistery,
Chockful of energy, vigour, and tang,
Trained by a task that's the biggest in history,
Who has a job for this Panama Gang?

Such a gang it was that General Goethals had charge of. It was under him that locks were substituted for the plan of a sea-level canal. He was also the first Governor in charge of the canal zone.

What it Means to be British

There is a very good story told of him. When he arrived at Panama as chief engineer of the famous canal he found that of the labourers employed some 30,000 were coloured men from the British West Indies, all of them British subjects and very proud of the fact.

But General Goethals found them discontented, troublesome, and slack. "At first," he told Professor Alison Phillips, "I said nothing, but kept my eyes and ears open, and presently I discovered the cause of the trouble." The cause was that the American overseers and foremen were treating these British coloured men as though they were American Negroes.

Goethals ended this by announcing that anyone in authority guilty of abusing or striking a coloured man would be instantly dismissed, and from that moment these coloured labourers "worked as well as (or better than) any other body of men on the canal."

A LITTLE FASTER ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

Two monster ships are being built by the North German Lloyd Company which are destined to win the race across the Atlantic. If they do what the builders hope they will steam at 26 knots, three knots faster than the average speed of the big British liners, and so may be expected to hold the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic.

A quarter of a day will be saved by most vessels if the proposed new harbour is built at Montauk Point, Long Island. This point lies 120 miles from New York City, and if the fastest boats could end their journey there the crossing from Plymouth to New York would be reduced from five to four clear days.

THE FIELD OF MACHPELAH Peace at the Tombs of the Patriarchs ONE MORE GOOD THING FROM THE LEAGUE

Jacob said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought for a burying-place.

There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah.

And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people.

Tradition still points to the tombs of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, and Jacob and Leah, in a Cave of Machpelah at Hebron. The Crusaders in the twelfth century built over it a church which was made the seat of a bishop. But Saladin conquered the place and the church became a mosque. From that time to this none but Moslems have been allowed to enter except foreign princes or ambassadors.

The Seventh Step

Unbelievers might come no farther than the seventh step of the flight before the entrance, and the Jews, thus excluded from the tombs of their patriarchs, made a shrine beside the fifth step from a hole in a large stone, into which written petitions to the patriarchs were inserted.

Now, under the new rule of religious equality brought by Britain as Mandatory of the League in Palestine the mosque has been thrown open to Jews, Christians, and Moslems alike, and for the first time for seven centuries Jews may worship the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob by the tombs of the patriarchs.

The walls of the mosque are encrusted with marble, with Arabic inscriptions from the Koran. The cave itself is reached by two openings in the floor. Each of the tombs in the cave has its shrine or cenotaph in the mosque covered with gold-embroidered cloth, green for the patriarchs and crimson for their wives.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT VITAMIN D A Gift to Everybody

The population of the world is becoming so great that the supply of butter is becoming insufficient for everybody, especially in countries where there is too little sunshine.

Experiments that have been carried out in the principal medical universities throughout the world have shown that the elusive vitamin D, which is present in butter, is absolutely necessary to give a nation good teeth and good health. Cod liver oil can supply the vitamin too, but nobody likes cod liver oil quite so much as butter.

Science has now shown quite definitely that vitamin D can be made from a chemical substance called ergosterol simply by allowing the light from a mercury vapour lamp, or, better still, the light of the Sun, to play upon it. The energy of the Sun's rays is absorbed by the ergosterol, and a part of it is converted into this wonderful health-giving vitamin which ordinarily we derive from butter.

Now a way has been found to manufacture any amount of ergosterol from yeast, and factories have been started in England to produce vitamin D by the action of ultra-violet light on this valuable crystalline substance. Sufficient vitamin D for the whole world is assured, and one of the greatest inventions of modern science has, without delay, been given to the huge family of Mother Earth.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE ROADS Should They Run Buses? A BIG STRUGGLE COMING

The new session of Parliament is to see a great struggle between the railway companies and those who carry passengers and goods by road.

As the railway companies obtained their powers and their money simply to run railways they have to secure the permission of Parliament whenever they want to do any other kind of work. That is how they came to own steamboats and hotels and canals. Now they want to be allowed to run motor-coaches and motor-lorries, like anybody else, in any district reached by their railways, not merely as a continuation of the railway journey, but for anyone who wants to use them.

This has caused a great outcry from the people who are already running road transport services for passengers and goods, and the railway companies are to be strenuously opposed.

The Public Interest

Of course it is easy to understand that these people do not want the powerful competition of the railways, but if Parliament is to protect them from it Parliament must be convinced that it is not only in their own interest, but in the interest of the public, that it should do so.

The rivals of the railways say that the railway companies, with the great resources behind them, will be able to cut fares and rates so severely as to drive all competition off the road, and then, having secured a monopoly, may raise their charges again to an exorbitant figure. But we need not fear that. Railway rates by road would certainly be under public control, as are railway rates by rail; and in any case the field is too vast to make such a monopoly possible. It could not happen.

As to the suggestion that the new competition will lead to hopeless congestion on the road, the answer is that this road transport service will have to be controlled and regulated in any case sooner or later, and that the coming of the railway company will simply hasten a reform already overdue.

ANGRY LILLIPUT

Andorra Appeals to France

The tiny Republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees is very angry with its mighty southern neighbour, and has asked its mighty northern neighbour to call it to order.

The Spanish Government thinks that some of its enemies find Andorra a very convenient place from which to conspire against it with friends in France, so it has sent someone to look after the Andorra postal service and keep a check on these gentlemen.

Andorra has been independent since Charlemagne's time. Its thirteenth-century constitution put it under the joint sovereignty of the Bishop of Urgel in Spain and the Comte de Foix in France. The duties of the Comte de Foix passed long ago to the Suzerain of France, and are now vested in President Doumergue, but the Bishopric of Urgel still remains, and Spain, say the Andorrans, has no right to act as if it, too, had been merged with the Spanish crown.

Of course the bishop can hardly be expected to stand up to General Primo de Rivera, but the French President is in a very different position, and the Andorra Parliament of 24 members expects him to do something for the tribute of £8 a year they pay him. We shall see.

MUSSOLINI DOES A GREAT THING ENDING A PIECE OF BARBARISM

The Terrible Tyranny of the Mafia

MAKING SICILY SAFE

Set a terrorist to catch a terrorist! If Mussolini can destroy the Mafia in Sicily he will have done a most excellent thing; and there really seems hope that he has done it.

The Mafia is a secret society which has terrorised Sicily since the wars of Napoleon. Rich and poor belong to it, and rich and poor are forced to do its will under threat of ruin and death. It levies its own taxes, administers its own system of justice (which, of course, is no justice), and executes its own sentences.

Defeating the Law

Many Governments have attacked it, and even secured wholesale convictions and punishment, but chiefly by removing the trials to Northern Italy, where witnesses and juries could not be intimidated. Not only terror but a perverted sense of loyalty has made witnesses, juries, and even judges conspire to defeat the law, regarding the police and the Government as the common enemy.

But now over a hundred members of the Mafia, men and women, have been convicted and sentenced to long periods of imprisonment, many of them for life, not in Northern Italy, but at Termini Imerese, in their own country.

This is the outcome of a new campaign initiated by Mussolini himself. One of his ablest lieutenants, Signor Mori, Prefect of Palermo, was told to clear out the Mafia at all costs. Mori was given absolute authority and told that none of his acts would be questioned. He was to strike hard without regard to the social position of the culprits, and his men were to shoot to kill when necessary.

Ripe for Revolt

The new move seems to have been made at exactly the right moment. The Mafia in a single year had been responsible for 700 murders, 1200 robberies with violence, 300 blackmail cases, 2000 fires and other destruction of property, and 700 cattle maimings; and the people were ripe for revolt.

Since the successful conclusion of the trial fresh evidence against other offenders has been pouring in, and over 2000 further arrests have been made. The people are coming forward to testify against their oppressors, confident at last that they will not be allowed to suffer for their temerity.

THINGS SAID

Always play the game.

Lord Haig's last public words

All the best men are optimists.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin

Why should not boys be taught to darn their stockings? *Dr. Sloan Chesser*

I never spoke to my father without calling him Sir. *The Bishop of Leicester*

Nothing is more comfortable than to have a good English friend.

Monsieur E. Herriot

English boys and girls are wonderful, and I take off my hat to them.

Archbishop of York

A constable on traffic duty at cross-roads wants to be a windmill to carry on.

A London magistrate

The proper place for a saxophone is Salisbury Plain.

Chief Constable of Southampton

I am sorry we did not give our country a better name, but it is too late now. *Secretary of the Czecho-Slovak Legation*

BILLY BEACH'S SON C.N. FINDS HIM IN THE FAR NORTH

An Old Dream of His Father
That Has Come True

A YORKSHIRE BOY AND HUDSON BAY

Happily the C.N. often shares the experience of the poet who long after he had written a song found it in the heart of a friend. A thought the C.N. put in writing some months ago about Billy Beach, a pioneer of Northern Canada, has found its way to the heart of the pioneer's eldest son, and he writes to us from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, confident that we should like to hear more about his father.

The Billy Beach of whom we wrote was the man who, in season and out of season, tried to make people see that a railway ought to be built to the harbour of Churchill on the ice-bound shores of Hudson Bay. He was in reality a Yorkshire boy named William Beech. It is a little odd that Canadians generally misspelled his name.

Winter Hardships

In the C.N. the tale has already been told of the hardships he endured in the Hudson Bay winters and his last disappointment when, after he had lived to see a railway projected to the bay, he learned that another place than Churchill had been chosen for its terminus. He died before the change to the place he had suggested was made, and so he did not live to see his dream come true.

His son tells us more about the stuff of which this fine old man was made. He sailed from England when a little boy of four with his parents. That was in 1850, and the family sailed on the old wooden clipper Rachel and Harriet, which took six weeks to make the voyage from Hull to Canada.

The Call of the North-West

Only one person who sailed on her outlived Billy Beach, and that was the purser, John Gray, who still lives in Calgary. The family moved to Muddy York, now the city of Toronto, and here Billy got his schooling. It lasted only till he was twelve, and instead of following his father as a shoemaker he learned the trade of a miller.

But about this time the Canadian North-West began calling to young men, and William Beach first went up there alone, coming back two years later to take his wife and little boy with him to Manitoba. That was in 1878, and not long after the great idea came to the Hudson Bay Railway Company.

There were then no railroads in Western Canada. To get to Emerson, Manitoba, where William Beach lived, the traveller had to go by Chicago and Saint Paul. Lord Selkirk, with his Hudson Bay Railway, pushed westward. Money was scarce. It was not easy to find enough to grade the first fifty miles. William Beach did his share as a railroad man, and then the project hung fire.

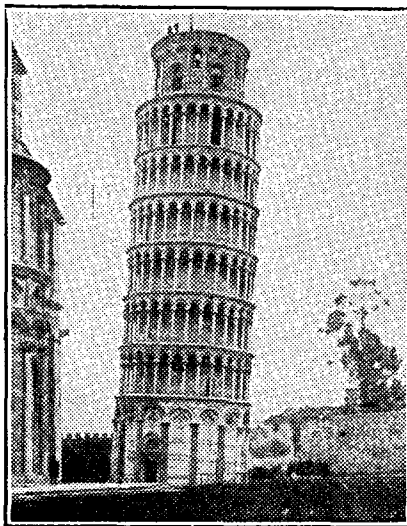
Alone in Their Log Cabin

It always remained smouldering in his mind. Hudson Bay spelled to him Canada's future. Some twenty years later, in 1905, he went overland by way of Winnipeg Lake, Norway House, Nelson River, York Factory, and Hudson Bay Post to Churchill.

As before, he came back to fetch his wife and his younger son, took them to Churchill, and there set up. Mrs. Beach and he lived there alone in their log cabin for two years, never seeing a white woman. They hung on, poor but happy, William, at any rate, contented with his dream.

And, to conclude with his son's words: "Now both my parents have passed away, and my father is not here to see his vision come home. But God so wills and rules." *Picture on back page*

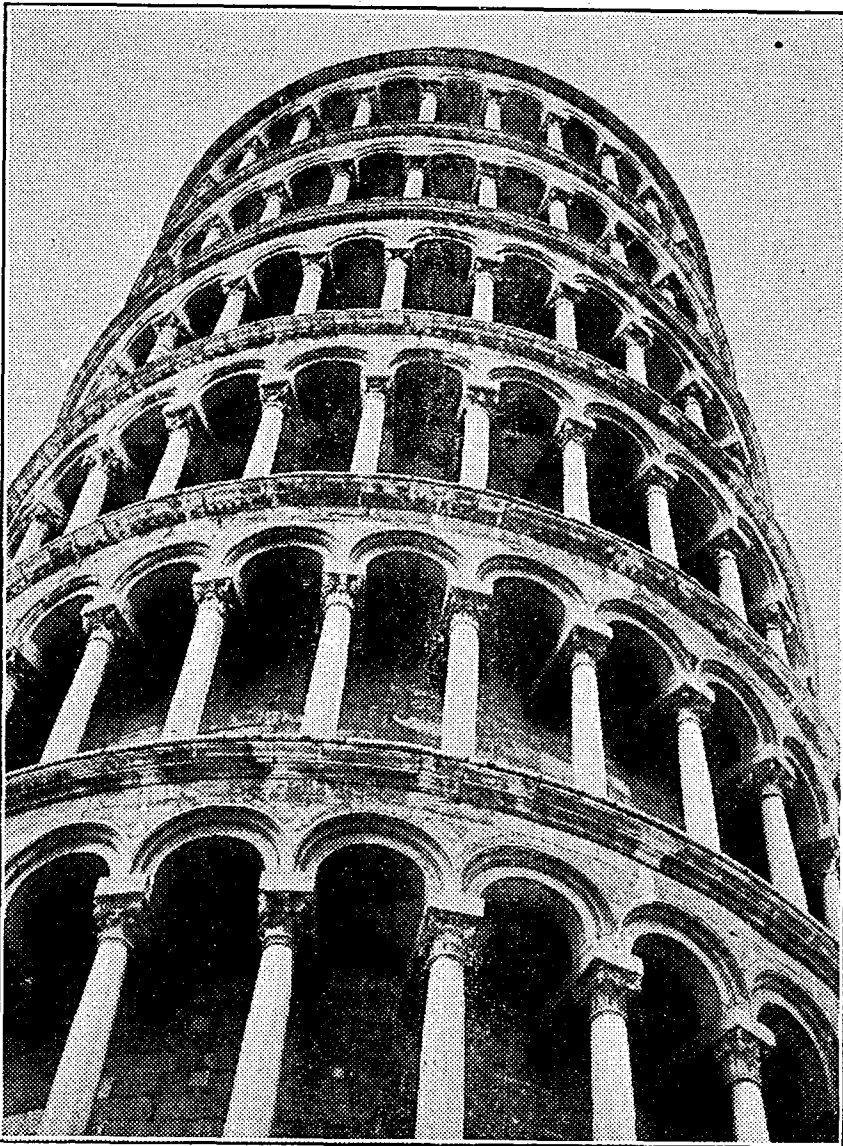
THE LEANING TOWER IN DANGER



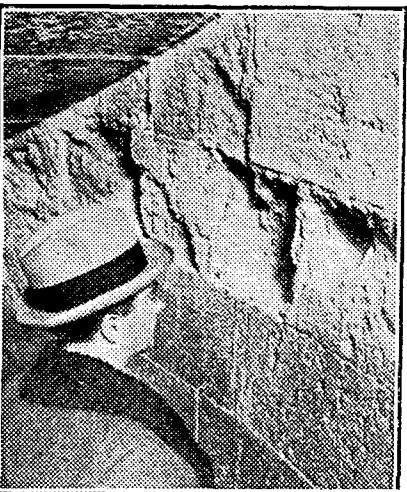
A familiar view of the Leaning Tower



Cracked columns bound with iron bands



Looking up at the Leaning Tower



Walls showing signs of decay



Pumping water from the foundations

The Leaning Tower of Pisa, which is about 600 years old, was reported recently to be in a dangerous condition, but it is now declared to be safe for a century. A spring has been affecting the foundations, but the water is being pumped away. In these pictures some of the work of preservation is shown. See next column.

PISA'S TOWER

LEANING A LITTLE MORE

Pools of Water Now Being
Drained From Its Foundations

A LOVELY THING SPOILED

Though the famous Leaning Tower at Pisa has been declared safe for the time being, the tilt of the Tower is increasing.

During the last nine years the tilt has increased by nine millimetres, which is, in exact decimals, 0.35433102 inch, or, say, a little more than a third of an inch—not very much, of course, but in a marble tower 179 feet high, already overhanging the perpendicular by three times the length of a man, another fraction of an inch may be too much.

An increase of tilt, however, is nothing new at Pisa. About a hundred years ago the Tower was measured and found to be 15 feet out of the perpendicular; and when it was measured again, eighty years later, it was found to be 16 feet out. On the first measurement it inclined about three inches for every yard of its height, but on the second measurement the inclination had increased a quarter of an inch.

A Gradual or Sudden Increase?

The question was whether this had been a gradual increase every year or had taken place suddenly at some point in the interval, and there were those who said that the extra foot between 1829 and 1910 must have been caused by an earthquake in 1846.

There is every evidence that while the Tower was being built, about 600 years ago, the builders became aware that it was settling on one side. They tried to compensate for it by making each storey higher on the leaning side. Possibly the Tower was well on its way up when the slantness was discovered, and instead of pulling it down and building it again on a surer foundation the architects decided to build up to the limit of stability for a leaning structure, a limit which mathematicians of the Middle Ages were quite able to compute.

Draining the Foundations

The foundations of this beautiful Tower only go ten feet down, and where they join the surrounding earth is a spring of water, which has been the cause of serious damage. A committee of experts not long ago advised that the pools of water which collect at the base of the Tower should be drained away, and the foundations made watertight, and this is being done.

When the traveller goes up the 300 steps of the spiral staircase at Pisa he does not notice that the structure leans. It is when he comes out on the top, from which there is a superb view away to the mountains of Carrara, that he realises it by looking down and finding the walls of the Tower receding.

There are two other leaning towers in Pisa itself, and two at Bologna, one of which is mentioned by Dante. Two or three leaning towers are to be found in England. One of the most remarkable is the spire of Surfleet Parish Church in Lincolnshire, which is six feet out of the perpendicular, and another is at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Kipling's Letters of Marque.	£2180
1st ed. Kipling's Schoolboy Lyrics	£660
Cold Iron, a rare Kipling book	£660
A portrait by Sir Peter Lely	£378
15 Anne and Chippendale chairs	£365
Three works of Daniel Defoe	£294
Milton's Paradise Lost, 1667.	£273
Two George IV silver fruit dishes	£266
17th-cent. Flemish tapestry panel	£135
Old English carved wood bowl.	£63

An autographed report to the Royal Automobile Club on a trip made in France by Rudyard Kipling sold for £780.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS BOOKS

ONE OF THEM TURNS UP
Queer Story of a Volume Lost
for Centuries

BACK TO GUILDHALL

To all who care for books or who feel the romance of old things long preserved there is no more fascinating thought than the adventures that may have happened to any old book that has been gaining value the longer it has held together. An instance of the recovery of such a book, lost from a library, has just been revealed.

At an abbey in Rheims 718 years ago died Petrus de Riga, an Augustinian monk, who had spent his life in turning many of the books of the Bible into Latin rhyme and writing it beautifully. Other monks, in other abbeys, went on copying this rhymed Latin Bible for centuries with proud penmanship.

A Rhymed Latin Bible

When Petrus de Riga had been dead 214 years Dick Whittington, whom everyone has heard of, left a part of his large fortune to build a library in connection with the Guildhall in the city where he had prospered. The library was partly furnished with books by gifts, Whittington's own executor left to it "any good and rare books" he possessed, and a beautifully-written copy of the rhymed Latin Bible of Petrus de Riga was given to it by Master John Martyl, probably an Oxford scholar. That was 500 years ago.

One would think the treasures of a public library so founded in a great city like London would be safe, but it was not so with the first Guildhall Library. Some 380 years ago Protector Somerset, the guardian of King Edward the Sixth, had the books brought to his new palace in the Strand, Somerset House, and no one was bold enough to say him nay. When he was beheaded outside the Tower some years later the books had not been returned, and they became scattered and lost.

A Booklover's Discovery

Only one of them has ever been recovered, and that is the Bible put into Latin rhyme by Petrus de Riga more than 700 years ago, given to the library 500 years ago, and lost some 380 years ago. It is now being exhibited as a treasure at the Guildhall.

The present librarian at the Guildhall, Mr. J. L. Douthwaite, has long been searching for a trace of any of these lost ancient books, and he came on the track of this Bible in a curious way. Such books are gathered into the private libraries of book collectors who know their value. A booklover glancing over some of the manuscript books of a collector saw one of the old Guildhall Library inscriptions in one of the books. It was a lost Chronicle of England.

Brought By Aeroplane

When the modern Guildhall Library took steps to obtain this lost Chronicle, however, it was no longer in the collector's library; but the rhymed Latin Bible was there, with an inscription on the fly-leaf acknowledging it as a gift to the Guildhall Library by Master John Martyl!

Further inquiries in the hope of retrieving the book by purchase showed that it had been sent to Paris, as the private library was being broken up, and from Paris it was brought by aeroplane and sold to the Guildhall librarian, a remarkably interesting volume to come to it in its centenary year; for this is the centenary year of the library at the Guildhall which replaced the old one after its destruction.

So a copy of one of Dick Whittington's books has come home. What can its adventures have been?

FIRST KNOWN WHEEL

Turning 5000 Years Ago
AN OLD CART IN INDIA

In the buried cities of Harappa and Mohenjodaro, which have been laid bare in the Province of Sind by the Indian Government archaeologists, there is proof that kings and princes lived 5000 years ago.

They were a great and industrious people, so Sir John Marshall says, living quietly within their cities, tilling the fields outside them, baking bricks and making tiles and vessels of clay, fashioning silver and fine gold, working in copper and tin. Best of all, they lived peacefully with their neighbours. Never has an ancient and lost people been found with fewer weapons.

The Wheel of Ur

But of all the things found in their forgotten houses and palaces the strangest was a model in copper of a cart with two wheels. It is the earliest record of the wheel that ever has been found. It is hundreds of years older than the sculptured slab with a wheel on it which Mr. Leonard Woolley found at Ur, and the Ur wheel is, again, a thousand years older than the first wheel found in Egypt.

So this wheel, which performed the greatest revolution in the habits and travels of mankind that till its time had ever been known, took centuries to reach across the deserts of Baluchistan to the plains of Mesopotamia, and a thousand years to pass into Egypt. It travelled slowly there. It never reached the West Coast overland; and it was 3000 years after Abraham when it turned in Morocco.

FINDING NOT KEEPING

Sometimes it is Stealing

The saying that finding is keeping may lead us to the police court and even to prison if we let our knowledge of the law stop at those three words.

It is broadly true that he who finds lost property in a public place, such as the street or a shop, may keep it if the owner cannot be found. But in order that the owner may have a chance of claiming it the finder must make his discovery known. If he does not, finding is stealing.

And there are other pitfalls. A young woman found three sixpences on the floor of a bus. That, surely, was a public place, yet the finder was prosecuted for keeping the coins, and was let off on paying costs and surrendering the sixpences.

So that the law stands roughly in this way. Things found in a bus must be handed to the conductor. Things found in a public place must be reported to the police, but may be kept if the owner is not discovered. Things found on private land and unclaimed will go to the landowner. Finally, of course, coins or precious metals found buried in the earth must be reported to the coroner, and if unclaimed they belong to the Crown as treasure trove.

A DOG HELPS A DOG

Many a gallant exploit in the saving of human life by dogs has been recorded in the columns of the C.N. Now we have to tell how a dog went to the rescue of another dog.

A policeman on duty in Dundee Harbour heard a strange noise on one of the slipways. Peering over the edge of the quay, he saw an exhausted dog in the water striving to climb the slippery slope. Above him was another dog trying to help him. He had gripped the other's collar with his teeth and was pulling with all his might.

What would have been the end of it if the policeman had not come we cannot tell. As it was the policeman soon got a boathook and pulled the poor creature to safety by his collar.

H.M.S. ROBOT A Battleship Without a Man

A WONDERFUL SIGHT IN
THE BRITISH FLEET

H.M.S. Centurion, cleaving the waves with steel prow and turret guns unmasked, is one of the symbols of Britain's sea power.

Thousands of tons of steel are afloat in her. She is packed with machinery to her armoured sides. Her magazines are loaded with deadly explosives to feed the 10-inch guns. She is like a thunderbolt, ready to wreak destruction.

Patriots might see in her one of the instruments with which Britannia rules the waves. But H.M.S. Centurion is herself ruled by waves—wireless waves.

This monster ship, which carries a crew of nearly 1000 men to work and arm and feed her, can go to sea without a single man on board! Her engines can start into throbbing motion, her path can be directed, her guns can fire their shells, without engineer or steersman or gunner to take her into action. The wireless waves can set them all in motion, can stop or back or turn the ship, can pull the triggers of destruction.

A Frightful Prospect

Five miles away on another ship sits a man who, like a magician, can touch this button or that, and the ship, obedient to his lifted finger, moves on her appointed path to her appointed task. The officer who directs her does everything with the assistance of the wireless waves he sets in motion and controls.

This is only a beginning, an experiment, a trial to see what can be done with the ship that sails and fights according to wireless instructions. The time has not yet come when a battleship will seek the enemy to destroy him without risking the lives of hundreds of brave men whose own lives are threatened with a swift and terrible end.

But what a prospect is opened up of the frightful steel monsters of the future, which, impelled by the orders of someone far away, perhaps sitting comfortably in a War Office armchair, may move along the coasts of Europe, sowing death and terror as they go, inhuman monsters deterred by no fear of retaliation and intent on one business only—killing. *Picture on page 12*

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

English telephone subscribers can now ring up twelve countries in Europe.

On an average everybody in England ate an orange a week last year.

The Portuguese Government has decided to burn 30 million postage stamps belonging to old issues.

Loss and Gain

By selling lost golf balls picked up in her garden a Skegness lady has raised £20 for the Cottage Hospital.

Earl Haig Dead

Field-Marshal Earl Haig, the commander of the British Army in the Great War, has died. He was 66.

A Calculation About the Tides

The Astronomer-Royal calculates that the daily movement of the tides is lengthening by a thousandth part of a second every century.

An Accident in the Snow

A man dumping snow fell into a manhole of the Quebec sewers, and was rescued a mile away as he was swept into the St. Charles River.

Herring Scales by the Pound

Ninepence a pound is being offered to Swedish fishermen for herring scales. The scales of the small herrings found in the Baltic are being used for making artificial pearls.

A Famous Novelist

Señor Ibanez, the famous Spanish author of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, died at Mentone the day before his 61st birthday.

THE THREE FOXES OF REGENT'S PARK

A Jolly Little Trio at
the Zoo

A WALK WITH A WOLF

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo always has a large selection of animals tame enough to be stroked by visitors, but it is rarely in a position to boast of three foxes amiable enough to be handled by strangers.

The fox usually has little use for human friendships as he grows up, but the Zoo has two foxes and a vixen which can be played with in their den, taken into the gardens on a lead, and nursed by grown-ups and children.

The vixen is a small two-year-old known as Biddy. When six weeks old Biddy and her three brothers were dug out of an earth near Croydon, and as they were spiteful and aggressive little cubs they were packed off to the Zoo.

The Hopeless Brothers

The keeper decided to tame them, and although they bit and scratched furiously every time he touched them he persevered, and in the end tamed Biddy. Her brothers, however, were impossible, and as their bites grew more serious they had to be given up as hopeless. In spite of the fact that they have watched their sister establish herself as a great pet they still remain unfriendly and vicious.

The second tame fox is twelve months older than Biddy. His name is Joffre, and he is thought to have come from France. He is even quieter than Biddy, but not so playful; he prefers to be nursed and caressed, while she enjoys nothing so much as a romp.

The third fox is more sedate but no less amiable, and whenever a visitor enters the Wolves and Foxes House these three animals become excited, and whine to be allowed the privilege of entertaining the caller.

A Tame Prairie Wolf

Each of these foxes is a beautiful, well-groomed creature, for the keeper brushes and combs them every morning.

Another delightful and unusual pet in this house is a tame prairie wolf, born in the menagerie eighteen months ago. She and other cubs were reared by a foster mother, an ordinary mongrel dog, but when the wolf cubs were old enough to leave the mother they ceased to be playful. The keeper tried to induce them to be friends with visitors, but, like most prairie wolves, all of them with the exception of the little she-wolf insisted on living up to their bad reputation. The little tame one, however, is remarkably friendly, and can be trusted with everyone. She frequently takes a walk round the gardens on a chain.

SOLITUDE OF A SHEEP RANGE

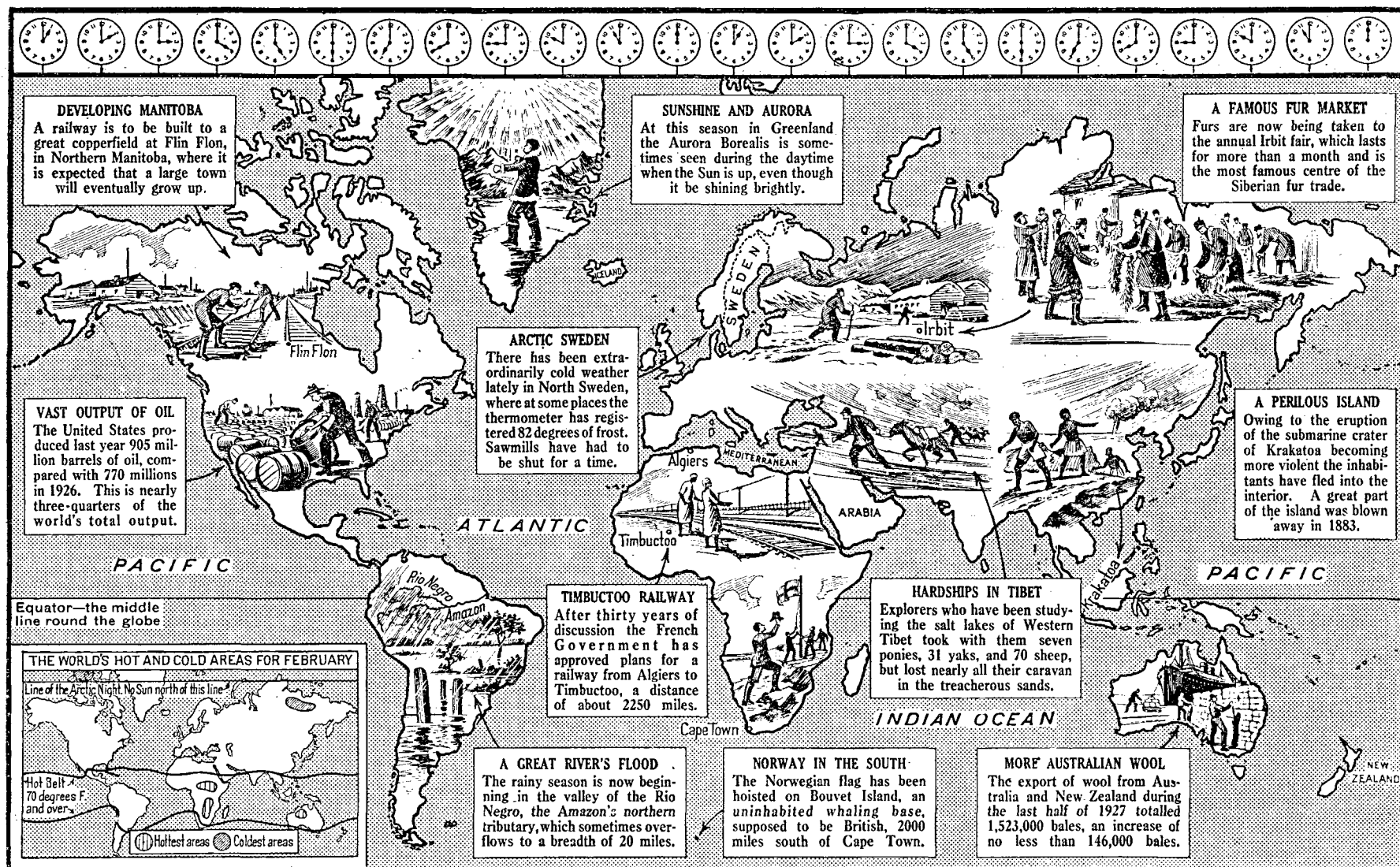
A C.N. reader in Western Queensland, who says she relies on the C.N. to keep the household in touch with the doings of the great world, sends us a description of life on the vast sheep ranges there.

The sheep station, comprising nearly 30,000 acres, is forty miles from the nearest township and a hundred from a railway. The best route, however, is to a railway 240 miles away.

A great drought, with consequent sandstorms, prevailed at the time of writing. Sometimes the storms lasted several days, but generally only gave a few hours of discomfort. When the rains come travel with a car is almost impossible through the mud and walking is exhausting. But in spite of these seasonal difficulties our correspondent declares that it is a wonderful country, and every man and woman she has ever met has testified to its charm.

We welcome this friendly message from the great inland pastures of the island continent.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE MEN WHO SOW THE SEED

Every Pensioner Please Read

The millions of people now enjoying Old Age Pensions and the millions more for whom they have robbed old age of its terror should know to whom they owe this blessing.

Long before the politicians had begun to talk about it three men had been working at the question and preparing the way. These were Mr. Charles Booth, a great Liverpool shipowner, Mr. Herbert Stead, who has just died, and the late Mr. Frederick Rogers.

Mr. Stead, a brother of W. T. Stead, the famous journalist who went down with the Titanic, was Warden of Browning Settlement in South London, and gave his life to work among the poor. When great reforms have been triumphantly achieved we should not forget to give honour to their pioneers, and Mr. Stead was one of the best friends the aged poor ever had, for he helped to sow the seed which has borne the fruit.

A CLEVER NEW THING IN EDINBURGH

The Wonderful Fire Alarm

Another mechanical man has been made by the engineers.

It takes the form of a street fire alarm installed by the Edinburgh Fire Brigade at six points on the outskirts of the city.

The alarm consists of a box with a glass front. A person wanting the firemen breaks the glass, and its breaking causes a little door to open. The smashing of the glass also causes an alarm bell to ring at the fire station, and the fireman on duty is at once able to speak through a loud-speaker to the man giving the alarm.

In fact, the instant the glass is broken, without having to make use of any sort of telephone instrument, a person is able to talk with the man in the fire station.

THE KEYS LOST IN THE DESERT

True Tale Almost Unbelievable

At a lecture given to the Yeovil branch of the Royal Aeronautical Society Squadron-Leader H. M. Probyn related an experience which is surely one of the strangest on record.

He landed in a desert to attend to his engine, and afterwards discovered that he had lost some keys. In a later flight he made a landing in the same desert, and saw the lost keys lying at his feet.

There were hundreds of miles of sand all round him, yet he chanced to land on exactly the same spot as before!

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE

It seems that the Rover League for toys and pet animals, of which C.N. readers have heard of late, was founded by the late Mrs. J. C. Pennell, of Blue Hayes, Broad Clyst, near Exeter, who called it after her old dog Rover.

It was only when the founder was no longer able to carry on the work that the leadership was taken over by Rover of Headington Hill, Oxford, whom we supposed to be the founder.

We are sure Rover the Second will wish honour to be given where honour is due. May it be long before it becomes necessary to select Rover the Third!

A VICAR HAS A GOOD IDEA

We congratulate the Vicar of St. John's Church, Walham Green, on his plan for making another bit of London beautiful.

It is a long, long time since the churchyard of St. John's was used for anything but a battleground for cats, a resting-place for soot, and a dump on to which thoughtless people threw tin cans and other rubbish. Now the vicar is going to turn it into a rock garden. Instead of being a dismal place it will be alive with colour, and give London children a sight of flowers growing.

A CAT AND A DOG And Two Brave Men

A brave man is Mr. W. Hayes, of Blackmoor, Hampshire, who went down an eighty-foot well and rescued a kitten clinging to a ledge just above the water.

A similar story reaches us of a dog which had been thrown down an old pit shaft, and was rescued by Constable Hanney, of Deri, near Bargoed. The whining of the poor dog, which was swimming in the water 50 yards down the shaft, could be heard by passers-by. The gallant policeman was lowered by a borrowed rope.

AN ODD MEETING BELOW PARIS

The sewers of Paris are a very important feature of the city, and permission can be obtained to visit them, sightseers being conveyed in special boats.

The staff employed by the municipality for the cleaning of the sewers consists of men with strong constitutions, for the work is not without danger.

A few days ago one of these men was wading along a big sewer under the Rue Jeanne-d'Arc when he came face to face with an Alsatian wolfhound. It sprang at him, but he was able to throw it off and climb hastily into the street. Accompanied by a policeman, he descended again into the sewer, and was able to kill the animal. Poor beast!

ONE IDEA GONE

It is months since a Royal Commission made some splendidly considered recommendations for dealing with London's cross-river traffic, yet nothing has been done to carry them out.

One decision has at last been made, a decision not to do something. The City of London Corporation has had before it the Commission's proposal to build a new bridge by the Ludgate Hill Railway to relieve the traffic over Blackfriars Bridge, and has unanimously decided on its rejection.

WHOSE ISLANDS? Or Does One of Them Exist at All?

The British and Norwegian Governments are having a friendly discussion about the ownership of an island which both claim, but of the existence of which both have some doubt!

It began in this way. Two Norwegian whaling companies were anxious to secure new headquarters in the South Atlantic. One of them, acting on the spot with the authority of the Norwegian Government, found an uninhabited island and hoisted the Norwegian flag on it. It proved to be Bouvet Island.

The other company, acting in Europe, saw Bouvet and Thompson Islands on the map, marked British, and secured from the British Government a ten years' lease of both, with authority to take and treat whales there and remove guano.

When the Norwegian Government heard of this transaction it sent a protest to Britain, announcing its annexation of Bouvet Island and expressing strong doubts whether Thompson Island existed. The British Government apparently shares Norway's doubts about Thompson Island, though it is sure that if it does exist it is British.

As for Bouvet Island, its history is well known. It was discovered nearly 200 years ago by a Frenchman, Pierre Bouvet, who gave it his name. No one annexed it, however, till Britain did early last century. Thirty years ago a German scientist charted Bouvet and two other islands, Thompson and Lindsay. Hence their presence on the maps.

There the matter stands, but whether there is a Thompson Island we do not know.

See World Map

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bologna	Bo-lone-yah
Giurgiu	Joor-joo
Palermo	Pah-ler-mo
Pisa	Pe-zah

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 11 1928

The Good Name of Two Palaces

It has come as an encouragement to all lovers of London that the good name of its two great pleasure palaces has been saved from a great stain.

The attempt to turn the Crystal Palace and the Alexandra Palace into gambling centres has failed.

It was proposed to lay down racing tracks at both these popular centres of public enjoyment, with the certain result of the demoralisation of both places and the deterioration of the neighbourhood for miles round.

Nobody is now under any delusion about dog-racing tracks. The chase of the electric hare is not a sport; it is nothing more than an excuse for gambling in such circumstances that men, women, and children all share in this pernicious habit.

It has been a source of great regret to all who have watched the fine career of General Seely that he should have allowed his influence to be weakened on the side of national thrift and strengthened on the side of a habit entirely evil. The C.N. yields to none in its admiration of General Seely's public services, but it seems to us deplorable that the Chairman of the National Savings Committee should be also chairman of a syndicate responsible for greyhound tracks. No man can serve two opposites, and the habit of thrift and the habit of gambling cannot go together. The one is a source of national strength, the other leads to ruin.

It has been a great inspiration to watch the quick response to the protest that has been raised against the new gambling tracks. It would have been astonishing if it had not been so. The curse of gambling has grown in our time until it is as widespread an evil as Drink, and it has become true, as a public man said the other day, that a greyhound track is the enemy of every tradesman's till.

Greyhound tracks are promoted to make money for syndicates and bookmakers, and the money is made out of the demoralisation of the people. There is not a single useful purpose served by greyhound racing, and no track could pay without gambling.

There has been much to discourage the reformer in these last few years; here is something greatly to encourage him. All sorts and conditions of people are on his side, all parties, all churches, parish councils, town councils, county councils, and city corporations are with him in checking this enemy who comes to sow tares in our midst. What is at stake is not only the good name of two palaces, but the fair fame of our land. That is more precious than all the syndicates and racing tracks on Earth.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Jack and His Wages

Is it not time that something was done about what is wrongly called the Dole? We suppose there must be about a million people receiving it every week.

One of them we know is an honest little fellow who would rather work for his money than not work for it. He has 28s. a week from the Government for doing nothing. To help him at Christmas-time a friend gave him a week's work and £2 wages. That was a gain of 12s., but the next week poor Jack was removed from the Dole for a week *because he had had work*. That was a loss of 28s.

So what it comes to is this, that for doing nothing for a fortnight this honest fellow would have received 56s.; for working one week and idling one week he received 40s. He would have been 16s. richer if he had done no work at all.

It does seem time (does it not?) that a little sanity was brought into our national affairs.

The Song of a Bird Behind Bars

Set me free! Oh, set me free!
Let me leave this toil-worn place
Of weary eyes and woeful face;
Let me fly where flowers be.

Hear my cry! Oh, hear my cry!
I will thank you with a song
Before I go! How much I long
For the hilltops and the sky!

Let me go! Oh, let me go!
Far away I pine to be,
Singing, singing, joyously
In the woods I used to know.

Break the bars! Oh, break the bars!
Or my heart will break in twain,
And my soul, freed from all pain,
Will go winging to the stars.

So Infectious

From a Correspondent

EVERYBODY in our village has been running about catching influenza. Mrs. Brown is down. She caught it from Mrs. Smith. It is so infectious, says Mrs. Jones.

We began to think of infection, and took up Dr. Howard's fine book about his experiences with Chinese bandits. It is full of infection.

From the first day of his captivity the American made a point of thanking the bandits for any little courtesy. When a grumpy old fellow threw a dirty towel at him Dr. Howard thanked him and gave him a pocket-knife. At first the bandits laughed at the captive for his Thank You's, but Dr. Howard went on. By the end of the first week the bandits had stopped laughing at him; by the second week they were thanking him for the little things he did for them; a week or two later they were all thanking one another, and by the end of the month the Thank You habit was fixed.

It is so infectious.

Stronger Than Armies

Is there anything stronger than armies? one of the papers was asking the other day.

We seem to remember that Victor Hugo answered that very question.

There is a thing stronger than armies, he said—an *idea whose time has come*.

Tip-Cat

ETON-CROPPED dolls are the rage in Paris. Children find them a short cut to happiness.

A GIANT of 8 feet 6 inches has come over from America. He hopes to move in high society.

A SCIENTIST says that human intelligence is half a million years old. Then it is time it grew up.

THE new Shakespeare Theatre is to seat a thousand people, each one of whom will

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If feather beds are good for light sleepers

be able to see and hear. Something new in theatres.

IN sending Lindbergh and his plane to Mexico America certainly put its best feet forward.

PLANE turns turtle, says a news heading. Evidently the pilot was in the soup.

A DOCTOR declares that optimists are those who were well fed as babies. We thought it was only pessimists who were fed up.

BIG BILL THOMPSON's city has had 232 murders in 32 weeks. Not counting the King's English.

THE Premier's prescription for England is Self-Help. But it is more polite to help others first.

MR. J. H. THOMAS says his top hat draws attention to his public importance. Shows he is really a top dog.

The Four Faces

A travelling correspondent sends us this note about four faces that struck her on a recent journey.

1. The innocent black face of a lamb standing on King's Cross platform with a bow of pale blue ribbon under its throat.

2. The important, rosy face of a boy in the Edinburgh express, proudly and lovingly carrying a tray of coffee along the corridor, full of delight in the importance of his work.

3. The face of a country lad in an office near the Bank of England, with fair, fresh, healthy cheeks and shining eyes, bright and happy after five years in a grimy, smoke-stained building.

4. The dark countenance of a judge, lit up with an expression of manly fervour and ardent pride.

The Donkey's Point of View

By Our Country Girl in Town

In the hourly traffic hold-up in the Strand the other day stood a patient ass from Covent Garden, drawing a load of green stuff.

ONCE I saw a stately fleet
Come a-cruising down the street,
Galleon, barque, and brigantine,
Barge and dinghy in between,
Scarlet buses towering high,
Vans and lorries roaring by,
Taxis, limousines, and, last,
One small donkey, trotting fast.

PROUD armada of the Strand!
When one mortal raised his hand

You, to my surprise and shock,
Just became a traffic block.
All your crews and captains then
Turned to very angry men,
Getting late for work and meals,
Losing chances, missing deals,
Grumbling one and all—but no!
It was not entirely so.

SOMEONE meek as any lamb
Waited patient in the jam.

Close beside my lofty bus,
Making no complaint or fuss,
Stood an ass with high-piled cart
In no hurry to depart.

"Why do people grouse?" said he,
"Blocks like this are treats to me.
Loads are heavy, roads are long,
Bits are rough and sticks are strong,

But a jolly block brings rest:
This is traffic at its best."

It is true that time is pelf,
But I heaved a sigh myself
When across the crowded Strand
A policeman dropped his hand.

The Things Ye Shall Do

These are the things ye shall do:

Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbour.

Execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates.

Let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbour. Love no false oath. From the Bible

A Prayer That We May Love One Another

Almighty and most merciful Father, Who hast given us a new commandment that we should love one another, give us also grace that we may fulfil it. Make us gentle, courteous, and forbearing. Direct our lives so that we may look each to the good of the other in word and deed; and hallow all our friendships by the blessing of Thy Spirit.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN unknown lady has called on several hospitals in London and left Treasury notes worth £3000.

THE output from British shipyards last year was more than 600,000 tons greater than the year before.

THE bankers believe that we are on the eve of great improvements in trade.

GLASGOW students have raised £15,367 for charity in one day.

February 11, 1920

The Children's Newspaper

7

THINGS ARE LOOKING BETTER GROWING PROMISE OF GOOD TIMES

New Trades Growing Up and Unemployment Going Down

EVERYBODY PLEASE DO HIS BEST

There are many signs that the bankers are not speaking without reason when they prophesy better times.

There has been a steady and persistent improvement in trade. The unemployment figures are also very encouraging, having been on January 16 nearly 40,000 less than the week before, and nearly 200,000 less than the year before. For the third week of January this is the best return issued since 1920. There has also been a marked revival in shipbuilding.

Such news comes as a special blessing at a time when the great conference to promote peace is taking place. If each one will do his best there seems every reason to hope that the tide has finally turned.

Expanding Industries

It is encouraging to note the very remarkable development that has taken place in the last few years in expanding new industries. Lord Gainford, President of the Federation of British Industries, has been pointing out that in 34 expanding industries over 850,000 people have been given employment in the last four years. The C.N. has been investigating these figures and has learned some interesting facts.

Of course we have to remember at the outset that through these four years, apart from strikes, the number of unemployed has remained pretty steadily at about a million. Thus Lord Gainford's figure does not represent the absorption of the existing unemployed so much as the discovery of fresh work for the natural increase in the number of people seeking employment.

Without these new expanding industries this natural increase of employed people would have been an increase of unemployed people.

Changing Over

The second thing to remember is that the unemployment is chiefly in the great staple industries of the North, shipbuilding, engineering, coal, cotton (depending largely on the export-trade), and in agriculture; while the new expanding industries are chiefly in the South, and are concerned almost entirely with the home trade. Still, it is certain that many people have been gradually changing over from the old industries to the new.

What, then, are these new industries? New is not really a good word for them, because it is rather a great expansion of existing minor industries than the creation of absolutely new ones that has given the increased employment. Take motor-cars, for instance, and their innumerable accessories. We have greatly increased our use of them, and we have made much more of them for ourselves. Mass production of standardised types is practically a new industry with us. We carry more of our goods by road and more of us have cars.

Prosperous Trades

The electrical trades have very greatly developed, broadcasting most of all, and all sorts of apparatus we used to import we make for ourselves and are even exporting, to say nothing of new developments of our own. The building trades, too, and all the building trade accessories have greatly developed.

Then, of course, there is artificial silk, a revolution in itself. And more people and humbler people than ever before have been buying light and pretty articles of clothing, and the making-up

PAPA PENTHION GOES ON SMILING

WHEN the football eleven of the —th French Infantry Regiment came on to the field to play the eleven of the Paris firemen a paternal smile lit up the features of the Colonel, whom his soldiers called Papa Penthion, and who occupied a commanding position in the reserved seats. The Colonel had promised his brave poilus a day's leave for every goal they scored.

Goal to the regiment! After only four minutes! The Colonel smiled.

Three minutes more the regimental forwards shot another goal. Papa Penthion was as pleased as if he had been gazetted to command a brigade.

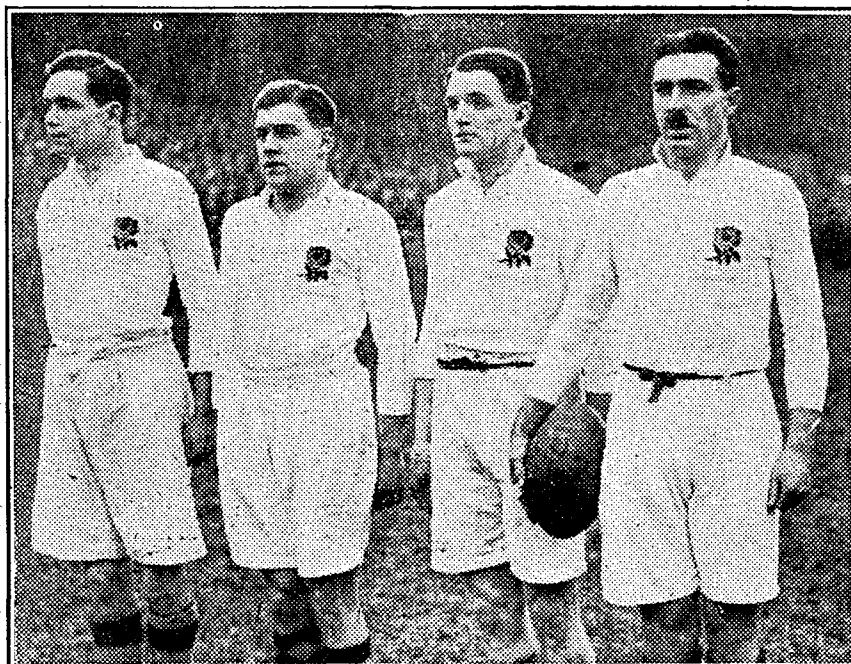
A third goal, a fourth, a fifth, and the Colonel's smile would have adorned a General. The goals went on. They

came with the regularity of a battery firing a salute. They mounted into the teens.

And suddenly Papa Penthion perceived what his promise had let him in for. His smile became less frequent than the goals. At this rate the eleven would have permanent leave of absence.

It was not quite so bad as that, but when the last whistle sounded the Colonel owed the eleven 22 days' leave. He had a suspicion that perhaps his children of the regiment had been trifling with their Papa and had not been above making a bargain with the Pompiers, but Papa Penthion and his *enfants* understand one another, and he compromised with them for ten days!

BEFORE AND AFTER THE GAME



English players before the match



How they looked at half-time

Rugby football is a very strenuous game and takes a great deal out of the players, as is shown by these pictures of members of the English team that played Wales at Swansea the other day. We see the players before and after the match, and the muddy state of the ground did not improve the appearance of the players as the game went on.

of these, instead of importing them, is one of the biggest new developments.

All these new manufactures, made mainly for the home market and not for export, have caused a corresponding development in the distribution trades, wholesale and retail, including the transport trade. Goods made for export have to be got together and taken to the ports, and that is the end of them, while goods made for the home market have to be distributed as well as collected, so that a developing home trade is doubly beneficial to the home transport industry.

An encouraging thing about all this is that as the world recovers we may

hope that not only will our great staple industries recover their export trade, but these new home industries will develop an export trade as well, as some of them have already begun to.

It is sad to think of our million unemployed, and we cannot expect them to find much comfort in talk of a good time coming. Neither is it entirely satisfactory to know that the reduced birth-rate which began with the war will soon have its effect on the national labour supply. What is good to hear is the prophecy some people are making that in a few years the chronic unemployment will give place to an actual labour shortage. Let us hope it will be so.

TAPPINGS DOWN IN THE SEA

THE LOST MEN IN A SUBMARINE

One More Human Sacrifice to the God of War

THE HELP THAT CAME TOO LATE

The full story has now been told of the efforts made to reach the victims of the recent American submarine collision, and it is a story of wonderful heroism.

A destroyer collided with the submarine and rammed it about noon on a Saturday, and it was not till six on the Sunday morning that a ship with divers and full salvage equipment could reach the spot. It was one o'clock when the first descent to explore was made by Chief Torpedoman Eadie.

Reaching the torpedo-room hatch he rapped on it with a hammer, and answering raps at once told him that six men were alive. There seemed hope that if the men forward had been able to get their doors shut in time to save themselves other men in the aft compartments might have done so too. He returned to the surface to report.

Heroism in the Rising Storm

It was decided to send another man down to connect an air-pipe by which air could be blown into the ballast tanks to drive out the 200 tons of water they contained, and so raise the boat. In spite of a rising storm the pumping of air was begun. At first all seemed to be going well, but a leak somewhere defeated the attempt.

The storm was growing, and diving might become impossible for days at any moment. Before that happened a further air supply must be got to the imprisoned men at any cost. A man named Michaels was told to choose a man to go down with another air-hose. But the sea was very rough. Michaels decided to go down himself.

Two Rescuers in Peril

An hour passed, and nothing was heard from him. Eadie, resting after his earlier dive, was roused. He found Michaels lying on his face with his life-line and air-hose fouled in the jagged hole in the submarine's deck. He signalled back for a hack-saw, and with this, after infinite labour, he managed to free his unconscious companion. But while he was doing this a sharp edge caught his own air suit and cut a gash in it, and by the time Michaels had floated up to safety Eadie was himself up to his neck in ice-cold water! There was nothing to do but to follow Michaels.

Further attempts were impossible till the storm should abate, and it was necessary to take Michaels to port if his life was to be saved. While the rescue ship was away other ships standing by were able to talk with the imprisoned men by oscillator signals in Morse.

The Rest Was Silence

The prisoners reported that their oxygen bottle would be exhausted by Monday evening. Another oxygen bottle and food in water-tight cans, flashlights, and soda lime for purifying the air were prepared, ready to be deposited in the torpedo tube, from which the men inside could take it if they still had strength to work the double doors; but it required a diver to get them there, and the storm still made diving impossible.

Then came the message "Oxygen all gone," and a little later, "Is there any hope?" The reply was sent "There is hope. Everything possible is being done." The last feeble message came early on Tuesday morning, "All's well," and then silence.

Then the storm abated, divers went down, air was pumped into the torpedo room, but it was all, alas! too late. One more human sacrifice had been laid, in this twentieth century, on the altar of the God of War.

THE FROZEN DANUBE

ARCTIC SPECTACLE AT BUDAPEST

Stirring Cry of "Wolf!" in the Hungarian Capital

THE GOOSE THAT KNEW BETTER

By Our Hungary Correspondent

"Journeys end in lovers meeting," sang the poet; but they can end in other ways.

Since the suspension of the great frost which has been holding Hungary in its grip for many weeks huge ice-floes like floating islands have been sweeping down the Danube day and night. The townsfolk who pass to and fro across the Budapest bridges gaze down fascinated at the Arctic spectacle. It would not astonish them in the least, or so they think, if a Polar bear were suddenly to appear, disporting himself among the jostling icebergs.

They were the less surprised, therefore, when they espied the crouching grey form of a wolf borne down toward them. Wolves still abound in the hills and forests of Hungary, and it has happened before this that severe winter weather has driven them down to the haunts of men.

An Ugly Customer

"A wolf! A wolf!" rang out the cry, and the excitement grew when the animal was seen to make its way from floe to floe toward the left bank of the river. Undaunted, apparently, by the strangeness of the world it had come to, it scrambled to the bank and trotted on between the houses and the buses, only swerving when someone tried to approach it. Not many did, for seen close at hand it looked an ugly customer—lean and hungry and dangerous. Children screamed at its approach and women caught up their babies, while an ever-growing crowd in the rear shouted valiantly to those in front to head it off. So the chase went on, up street and down, till quite suddenly it was brought to a dramatic close by a man in a window who, having a gun handy and his wits about him, took in the situation at a glance and shot the visitor dead.

Only then was it discovered that the poor beast had not really been as savage as it had looked, being, indeed, not a wolf at all, but a wolfhound, which hunger and fright had for the moment robbed of its canine self-possession.

The Wise Goose

Another traveller has had much better luck, owing to the fact that, though only a goose, she was far too sensible to pose as a wild one. She also arrived sitting on a floe, and she also thought Budapest a nice place to stop at. But she knows better than to leave the safe haven of the river. Saugly ensconced on a ledge of ice under the bridge, she blinks complacently at the crowd which daily gathers to watch her, and refuses to be lured to the bank. By these wise tactics she has succeeded in becoming the pampered pet of the Budapest public, and has breadcrumbs, maize, and other delicacies showered (not to say shied) at her from morning till night; which is surely better than being herself served up as somebody's Sunday dinner.

Picture on page 12

THE UNVEILING OF SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN

Messrs. Freeman, Hardy, and Willis made a record profit last year in their bootshops. A C.N. reader hopes they will spend a little of it in removing the plaster from their Stratford-on-Avon shop and revealing its front as Shakespeare may have seen it.

PETER PUCK INTERVIEWS THE PRINCE OF WALES

The Editor was extremely busy when Peter Puck fell down the chimney. That is his usual way of entering a room. Picking himself up, he walked over to the desk and handed the Editor a sheet of paper saying, "Here's my copy, sir."

On the paper was written *Peter Puck wants to know what made Charing Cross.*

The Editor said he had heard that before, and called attention to the soot on his Persian carpet. "I do wish you would come in by the door," he said. "If Peter Simple can, why can't you?"

Peter Puck was too ashamed to speak. The window was open, and he jumped out. After falling past several floors he struck the top of an umbrella. Beneath it was a stout gentleman. They all came to the ground together, and the stout gentleman recovered first. He got up and banged Peter Puck with the remains of the umbrella, and when Peter had managed to twist out of the man's grasp he ran swiftly down the street, thinking "After all it is better to use a door."

Thinking Things Over

When he judged himself safe from pursuit Peter Puck climbed a lamp-post and, perching on the top, began to think things over.

"The Editor is right," he said to himself. "It was not a new riddle. I've been fuddling my brains with too much toffee. I've been sitting up late playing noughts and crosses at the club. My work was bound to suffer. What can I do to win back the good opinion of the Editor and the British public? I know! I will do a wonderful series of interviews with famous people. No other newspaper will have anything like it. I'll only do people who have never been interviewed before."

The next day the Editor found a bundle of manuscript lying on his desk. It was in Peter Puck's handwriting, and we reproduce it below.

The Minion and the Beefeater

THE Prince of Wales is hedged about by haughty minions. One opened the Palace door. I requested to see the Prince. He asked "What name, sir?" I said, "I am travelling incognito to avoid crowds. If you knew my real name you would melt before me." He refused to let me in. "Ha!" I cried, "you little know whom you have insulted. I am Peter Puck of the Children's Newspaper!" The man cringed, and began to whimper, "Oh, sir, don't write anything bad about me. If you do my name will be held up to shame all over the world."

At this moment a Beefeater came into the hall and asked what I wanted. I replied "To see the Prince of Wales." He said "Not today, thank you," and slammed the door in my face.

They thought to thwart me! But they little knew Peter Puck. If they would not open the doors I would fall down the chimney. And that is how I entered the Prince's presence.

A Merry Laugh

His Royal Highness put me at ease immediately by a merry laugh as I fell on the hearthrug. "Your nose is black!" he cried. How human and unstilted it sounded!

The Prince, who is not a tall man, has fair hair, laughing eyes, and a complexion any schoolgirl might envy.

"I won't apologise for my uncere-monious entry," I said, "for I see that you are too large-minded to object to it, sir. I am the Special Correspondent of the most important paper in the Empire, and I have come to ask you a few questions—questions, sir, which the British public craves to have answered. Don't be alarmed.

I won't mention politics; I know umpires and princes have to be neutral. I just want to ask you one or two questions about your personal tastes and habits. You are so popular, sir, that the least scrap of information will be interesting to my readers."

Such is H.R.H.'s modesty that he appeared quite dazed by my little speech, and said nothing. But when I put a few questions he answered readily, and soon we were chatting with absolute freedom.

A Very Personal Matter

The Prince is nothing of a highbrow. He tells me that his favourite author is still Mother Goose, and no poem in English literature seems to have made a greater impression on H.R.H. than the one beginning *The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts.*

Music does not appeal to the Prince, if we except drum music. When asked if he cared for painting he said "Yes, but they say I make too much mess."

"What do you like best in the world?" I asked.

The Prince replied "Chocolate biscuits."

"And what (I asked) do you hate most?"

He said "Soap in my eyes."

Then I ventured to touch upon a very personal matter. I spoke of the people's longing to see H.R.H. married to a lady worthy of him. I asked if there was not one woman in the world who seemed fairer and sweeter to him than the rest—whom he loved?

The Prince said there was.

Trembling with excitement, I said, "Sir, may we know her name?"

He replied that it was his mother.

It was H.R.H.'s subtle way of affirming his intention of remaining a bachelor.

The Picture of Health

At this moment I heard someone coming, so I closed the interview by jumping out of the window. As I went I heard the Prince say "It is only Nurse," but I had no time to inquire what illness made a medical attendant necessary. However, the Prince's ailment must be slight, for he looked the picture of health, and from his sunny smile no one would have thought that cares of State weighed on his shoulders.

I carried home with me the impression of a very charming personality, utterly unshackled by convention. The Prince is not the slave of etiquette or fashion. He was wearing a sleeveless tunic and shorts of flax-blue linen, admirably adapted to a hot day in London. Doubtless we shall soon see many men about town following the Prince's lead.

A description of H.R.H.'s study may be of interest. The colour scheme is cream. Evidence of H.R.H.'s pre-occupation with engineering abounded in the shape of miniature model railways and motor-cars. At one end of the room was a coloured statue of a horse, doubtless a memorial to one of the Prince's favourite hunters.

Mistaken Identity

THE Editor had hardly finished this extraordinary document when Peter Puck burst into the room.

"What do you think of my interview?" he asked. "Isn't it what grown-up journalists call a scoop?"

The Editor said quietly: "Peter Puck, you fell down the wrong chimney. Also you have not studied the Court Circular. Princess Mary and her family are on a visit to the King. You have not interviewed the Prince of Wales but his nephew, Master Gerald Lascelles, aged about three and a half."

Peter Puck jumped out of the window.

MR. AND MRS. GINGER AND THEIR LITTLE ONE

A Very Distinguished Family Arrives in Town

HOW THE KEEPERS GOT THEM INTO A BOX

A family of orang-utans, father, mother, and child, has arrived at the Zoo.

This is the first time the Zoo has exhibited a family of apes, and they are a remarkably interesting and amusing sight. Mr. Ginger is an amazing animal, standing 5 feet 9 inches, well-proportioned, and said to be the largest specimen ever captured. There is some doubt as to where Ginger and his family were captured, but they are thought to be natives of Malaya.

Touching Devotion

Mrs. Ginger is considerably smaller than her distinguished husband, and as her offspring, aged about twelve months, refuses to leave her she is worried by her maternal duties.

Baby is a strange and attractive little creature, with an enormously fat body, short legs, and very long arms; his brown face is wrinkled and careworn, and he likes nobody except his parents. The devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Ginger to their baby is most touching, for both give him every consideration and guard him carefully.

The orang-utan, or man of the forest, is never a sociable ape, and the Gingers are particularly unfriendly. If disturbed they retreat to a distant corner of their cage, and Mrs. Ginger clutches Baby while Ginger gazes balefully at the intruder as if waiting an opportunity to attack.

Delicacies of Every Kind

They were imported from Singapore by a dealer, and on arriving at Liverpool were sent to the Belle Vue Zoo at Manchester. There they were seen by a representative of the London Zoo and immediately purchased. The Gingers, however, objected to another removal, and although delicacies of every kind were placed in a travelling box the orang-utans were adamant. Force was impossible as Ginger is an exceptionally powerful animal, and for nearly a week the apes resisted all efforts to box them for the journey to London. Then one of the Belle Vue keepers remembered that orang-utans are terrified of snakes, so he showed them two boa-constrictors, and the Ginger family fled into the travelling box for safety!

When the Gingers arrived at the Zoo they were taken straight to the Experimental Monkey House, where special accommodation had been prepared for them. The three compartments have been converted into one large den, and the wires strengthened to prevent Ginger making an escape.

EVERY DAY IN VIENNA

Wireless Pictures

The Vienna broadcasting station is now sending out every day three photographs and two weather charts which everyone with a receiving set can have reproduced on paper in his sitting-room.

These wonders are worked by an apparatus, invented by Captain Fulton, called the Fultograph. The receiving set and the transmitting set each go into an attaché case.

Both have a revolving cylinder like those of the old phonographs and a needle which makes or repeats the necessary marks. Round the transmitting cylinder is wrapped a piece of copper foil covered with gelatine, and round the receiving cylinder is a piece of paper dipped in a chemical solution.

Both devices can be wired on to an ordinary telephone instrument, and the despatch and receipt of a drawing can be completed in four minutes.

LAND OF PROMISE

A Little Book on Fiji

THE QUEER DOINGS OF THE FIRE-WALKERS

We have been reading a little book on Fiji, the Land of Promise, written by Sir Thomas Henley, a New South Wales M.P. and a C.N. reader. The book is published by John Sands at Sydney. It gives this delightful picture of the Fiji Islands.

"They are blessed with a delicate climate and delightful air, and are peopled with an attractive coloured race, bubbling with the simple joys of grown-up children, radiant with sparkling eyes, crowned with luxuriant crops of dark brown hair, well-conditioned in body, and effervescing with innocent fun. They are fond of their children, honest, sober, and respectful to visitors, and in part and chorus singing unrivalled, especially in that soft, deep melody which captivates and claims surrender."

Walking in the Furnace

There is an interesting account of the fire-walkers of Beqa Island. A pit 14 feet across and three feet deep is filled alternately with logs and stones. The wood is fired and continues to burn till the stones are said to be very hot. The natives, in kilts of coloured strips of bark and with garlands of leaves and flowers, singing their war songs, draw out the burning logs, level the stones with long green poles, and walk into the furnace and out—unharmed. After this they throw on the fire bundles of wet green leaves and two pigs to cook for the feast. Then they perform their war-dance.

Medical men have stated that they have examined the feet of the performers before and after walking on the stones and, although the thermometer registered between 300 and 400 degrees, the fire had not affected them. A European tried it with his shoes on, and burned his feet so badly that he had to be carried off the island.

Sir Thomas Henley makes no attempt to explain what he saw, but it is certain that there is trickery in the performance. One explanation is that the volcanic stones used are bad conductors of heat, and that only the under sides are unbearably hot.

THE PRIDE OF FULHAM

Older Than Our Oldest Family

The borough of Fulham has now been given a coat-of-arms, and well does the ancient place deserve the honour, for it is older than the oldest family in England.

The Danes wintered in Fulham in 879, and the moat surrounding the Manor House, now the palace of the Bishop of London, is believed to be Danish work. The manor is said to have been given to a Bishop of London in 691, and has belonged to the see ever since, except for a short time during the Commonwealth. In token of this long association with London's bishops the coat-of-arms is to include a mitre.

There will also be a ship of ancient build, and this is to remind people that Fulham has a longer river frontage than any other London borough.

Fulham has many things to be proud of. The Bishop's Palace is fine early 16th-century work; there are excellent gardens and sports grounds; there is a great stretch of Father Thames to walk by; and there are memories of the Civil War, when Fulham was the headquarters of General Fairfax.

There is nothing childish in Fulham's desire for a coat-of-arms. The heroes of Greece and Rome, the Japanese warriors, the Saracens, and our own ancestors loved to adopt some beautiful symbol as their own, and tried to live up to it. Heraldry has brought much beauty and colour into the world, and in a smoky city like London we need all the beauty and colour we can get.

A LITTLE STORY FOR ANY GIRL

The only thing to do with these notes is to print them as they are. They are from a lady who loves the C.N.

When I was a girl I thought I would like to be somebody great and heroic, like Joan of Arc or Florence Nightingale. I scorned the idea of just keeping house. I would always be lofty, and have a mind above trifles.

The other day I remembered that girl of long ago, and I learned two lessons. I had got what an Elizabethan woman would have called a tubful of troubles. They were little troubles, but a lot of little troubles fill a tub. I have just moved from a cottage in a tiny hamlet to half a farmhouse in another hamlet, and this is how my troubles came about.

Left Alone

Before half a farmhouse would answer the same purpose as one whole house a good deal of work had to be done by the one carpenter and the one odd man who serve both hamlets. Just when they were going to begin came the snow and the floods; instead of doing my work the men had to mend houses damaged by the thaw. My household goods were dumped down anyhow in rooms that were not ready.

Then the husband, son, and little girl of the only woman who could give me any help fell ill. I was left alone. My own work, which had to be done, became a terrible burden.

When I looked up from my desk I saw nothing but muddle—bedsteads, boxes, and saucepans all in a heap. The heap grew as big as the sky. I got paralysis in my common sense nerve. I thought I was the most hardly-used person in the world, and I even had unkind thoughts about the woman down the lane. She might surely have spared an hour from her sick beds to sort out my saucepans.

The Postman's Knock

Just as I was thinking the only relief would be to throw them out of the window there was the postman's knock. He was not so cheerful as usual, but he asked me how I was getting on, and in the same breath said what a houseful the woman down the lane had.

A little tingle of life came into my common sense nerve. My conscience said "I've got a bit of trouble of my own." I learned that his wife had been taken to hospital and the children, both young, were far from well. "It's a dreadful thing (he said) when the woman goes. It is the woman that makes a home. I feel I haven't got a home now. Please God she gets better."

Above Trifles

It was a queer thing, but as he went away there came to me a sudden memory of that girl of long ago and her ideals. I realised afresh what I would not have believed then, the immensely great position a woman as a woman holds. No one would ever say if a man were away that a home was not a home; it is only a woman who can turn four walls into that precious place.

Then I remembered how that girl of long ago was going to be above trifles. So I kicked my tubful of troubles over and went down the lane to see if there was anything I could do for the sick folk. When I got back to my own work the pile of bedsteads and boxes and saucepans had grown so small that they were just a joke.

A CALENDAR OF THE MOON

An ingenious lunar calendar for schools and museums showing daily phases and positions of the Moon in relation to tides and seasons has been devised by Mr. W. A. Smallcombe, B.Sc., the enterprising curator of Reading Museum. All the dates on the chart are adjustable, so that the device is of permanent value. The price is £3 5s.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Hope Sometimes

In a ward in a large hospital (writes an eleven-year-old reader of the C.N.) a boy, fourteen years old, lay very ill with appendicitis. His nurse, who had been working in the hospital many years, said she had never known anyone who was so ill recover.

In a room near by a man was lying with the same complaint, though he had not got it so badly. One day his wife and three children came to see him. Hope, the second child, being an inquisitive little girl, soon began to look round, and, seeing the door of the room where the boy lay open, trotted in.

"What's your name?" asked the nurse as she entered.

"Hope," said the little girl, and ran out again quickly.

From that day the boy grew better, and he is quite well now. It was just as if hope had entered the room.

I know this story is true, for the man who was ill was my father and I was the little girl.

MORE RICHES FOR THE EMPIRE

Platinum, and not gold, is nowadays the most valuable of all metals. That, of course, is because the supply is the smallest in proportion to the demand. It costs about £14 an ounce.

At present we get more than half the world-supply from Russia, but now a new source has been found, in an area covering about 40 square miles in Sierra Leone. The deposits are alluvial, having been made by the action of running water, and they compare favourably on analysis with those of Russia and South Africa.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is a Coyote?

A small species of wolf of the western parts of North America, known to science as *Canis latrans*.

How is the Severn Tunnel Ventilated?

By a huge fan 40 feet in diameter which extracts the foul air through a shaft at Sudbrooke.

Why is the Kapok Tree So Called?

The name of this silk cotton tree, related to the cotton plants and found in the East Indies, is merely the English spelling of the Malay name by which the natives call it.

What is the Largest Animal in Existence?

The right whale, which is sometimes more than 60 feet long. The largest land animal is the African elephant, which stands ten feet high and weighs sometimes four tons.

When Were 12 Days Missed in the Calendar in England?

When the Gregorian Calendar was adopted in 1752, September 3 being reckoned as September 14, rather more than 11 days being dropped.

Who Was Dr. Syntax?

The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque was a long poem published about 1812 by William Combe (1741-1823), an adventurer who was successively soldier, waiter, lieutenant, cook, and for the last 43 years of his life lived in a debtor's prison.

If Certain Gases Are Taken From the Air Will Not the Air Become Unbreathable?

No; for the quantity of air is so immense that any quantity of a particular gas which man is likely to extract will be relatively infinitesimal. The weight of the atmosphere is estimated at 11,600,000,000,000,000,000 pounds.

At What Period of the Day Are We Standing With Our Heads Downward?

At all periods or at no period. We are always upright with our heads in the air when standing on the Earth relative to that part of the Earth where we are, but we are always upside down relative to Australia.

What Exactly is Parliament?

The word means a parleying or conference, but when we speak of Parliament with a capital P we mean the legislative assembly of the three estates of the realm, namely, the lords spiritual and temporal, forming the House of Lords, and the representatives of the counties, boroughs, and universities forming the House of Commons.

THE WAYS OF THE PLANETS

WHERE TO FIND THEM

Neptune at His Nearest to the Earth

WHAT HAPPENED TO A COMET

By the C.N. Astronomer

Early next week Venus and Mars will appear very close together in the early morning sky.

On Tuesday morning they will be at their nearest, when Venus will be about three times the Moon's apparent width above Mars.

Venus is now low down near the horizon, visible only for an hour or so before sunrise, as she rises at about a quarter to six. In the course of the next hour she should be found before the dawn dims her brightness.

She is now rapidly receding from the Earth, and soon will be lost in the Sun's rays until autumn, when she will begin to appear again in our evening sky.

Mars will appear very faint against the twilight sky, so Venus will be a help in locating him; field-glasses will assist the observer.

On Wednesday morning, February 15, Saturn may be seen a little way to the



The path of Neptune relative to Regulus during next week

left of the crescent Moon, and by Thursday morning he will be to the right of her; so this wonderful world may be readily identified, being brighter than anything else in the Moon's vicinity. As Saturn rises about 3.30 a.m. there is plenty of time to find him in the south-east sky before dawn.

By Saturday morning the slender crescent of the Moon will appear near Venus and Mars, about eight or nine times her own width below them; so on every morning next week the south-east sky will be of interest.

On Friday, February 17, the planet Neptune will be at his nearest to the Earth this year, 2,706,600,000 miles away. This remote world may be easily found at the present time with suitable optical aid, for Neptune appears not far from Regulus, the bright star in the south-east, between 8 and 10 o'clock.

How to find Regulus was described in the C.N. for January 7, when Neptune's position was indicated; but the planet has now moved farther to the right, and is about one and a half times the Moon's apparent width away. Powerful field-glasses or a small telescope with at least two-inch lenses will render this dim world just perceptible.

Far Beyond Neptune's Orbit

It is of interest to note that the great comet Skjellerup, which blazed up so amazingly in the daylight sky last December, came from far beyond the orbit of Neptune. Owing to very bad weather apparently few observers in this country or in Europe caught a glimpse of this fleeting visitor. Conditions were better in America, and at the Flagstaff Observatory in Arizona the comet was seen in full sunlight with the naked eye, its head shining many times brighter than Venus or Jupiter.

It was exceptionally close to the Sun, appearing about ten times the Sun's diameter away from him.

The comet underwent a terrific ordeal, and rapid changes occurred when it was at its closest to the Sun in the middle of December. It then rapidly diminished in size and brilliance, so that by the last week in that month the comet was invisible to the naked eye. It is now speeding away from us in a southerly direction.

G. F. M.

ST. PALFRY'S CROSS

The Tale of a
Lost Inheritance

By
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of what has happened before appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 11

"Where is St. Palfry's Cross?"

Huddled on the stool by the old lady's feet, his arms round his knees, David sat without movement, under a spell. His eyes had never left Martin Narraway's face. It was growing late, but time had lost its significance, and neither of the listeners could have stirred till the last drop had been squeezed and wrung from the narrative.

From its beginning it had been all that Aunt Deborah could do to keep back the many questions concerning her brother which at every stage had trembled upon her tongue. And a moment ago, when restraint appeared to be lifted—"In seven days there were three attempts made to rob me," he had uttered; and plunged her into silence again.

"I wasn't alarmed at the first attempt," he went on; "but coming one on the other they opened my eyes, ma'am. The first was in the night at a seamen's lodging-house when I was asleep, and they got all my money. But they couldn't get at the writing. It was under my belt. So I started to make my way on foot to East Dereham, the parts where my father came from, as I told you, thinking to find someone to lend me a hand there, and after dusk I was set upon in the road. I beat them off. The next attempt was two days later, near Derby. A couple of fellows in a motor-car stopped me. Civil fellows, and gentlemen, both of them. They'd a picnic basket, and they said they were lunching in the open, and they offered me something which, being famished, I took. I reckon their drug wasn't strong enough," he said dryly, "for I came to on my back in the hedge with them searching my pockets." For the first time he smiled. "Nay, they should have mixed their drug a bit stronger. They were glad enough to get away with whole skins."

"Well, there was one thing which very soon struck me, and that was that someone was after the message I carried. Those fellows who had tried to rob me had been in his pay, and the reason they hadn't left me my money at the lodging-house was to make it more difficult for me to get on. So, calculating that this villain, whoever he might be, would reckon on my trying to reach my native parts, I gave up East Dereham and began to work down the country. And then it was that I thought about playing the drum again."

Aunt Deborah's eyes asked a question.

"Yes," he responded, "to earn the pence to carry me on, and there isn't another instrument that I'm familiar with. And I took to the drum for a second reason. I didn't know where in England to find the young master."

Aunt Deborah could not help crying out in amazement.

"All I knew," said Martin Narraway simply, "was that I might find him in a village by the sea somewhere. And I seemed to remember that once his father had mentioned it was a village in the West Country. But he'd have given me all the particulars that night in the bush if death had not stepped between us, you'll understand. Soon I found a circus going into winter quarters, and served with them for a month, tending horses and suchlike, and in exchange for that they gave me my keep and the drum. I didn't want money, I wanted a drum. For here's my second reason. I knew that a drum would bring the children round me when I went on. And I didn't dare ask for David

Keddie here, there, and everywhere. For I counted that the rogue who was after the writing would be looking for me still, and would soon track me down when his spies brought him word of a tramp going up and down asking for David Keddie. A wandering musician would run a better chance. But also I judged, and events have not shown me far wrong, that I might get the young master into danger if I made it plain that I was in search of him. The more I kept his name out of it the better. For, you see, the scoundrel who was after the writing must know I was carrying it, but he needn't know where."

It was scarcely strange that in the tense interest of their guest's story something equally vital had gone out of both their minds. Aunt Deborah recalled it first, and leaned forward to Martin.

"Naturally you have read the writing?" she asked.

"Yes, I've read it," he answered. "And learned it by heart, to destroy it, you'll understand, if I was hard pressed. Though I reckoned to get it through to the young master's hand."

"You will come upon my treasure under St. Palfry's Cross," she drew a swift breath. "Do you know where St. Palfry's Cross is?"

"No, but you will," he replied, in a tone of surprise.

"It isn't in Australia?"

"It's not there," he said quickly.

"Oh, are you sure? Oh, how can you be sure?" she fluttered. For once in a way Aunt Deborah's composure was deserting her.

"It was soon after my master returned from Europe, I think. Ever heard tell of Saint Palfry?" he said to me one day. When I told him No he said, 'No more have I, Martin. But over the seas there's a cross standing to St. Palfry, and I'll back it against the world for a canny, safe place.' And then he began laughing softly to himself."

Mastering the emotion she had displayed, Aunt Deborah said calmly: "Then where is this treasure, Martin?"

"It lies under the cross."

"No doubt. But where is the cross?"

In a great startled voice he cried out: "You don't know!"

"No one knows," Aunt Deborah uttered precisely.

It was as though she had struck him a blow in the face. So much stupefaction held his face rigid. Then the light faded from his eyes and that which was left was the dull, desperate pain of some wounded animal. His shoulders sagged, his chin dropped on his chest; he sat hunched forward in a stupor of disappointment.

To have done and suffered so much, to fail in the end! To have kept faith all through with the dead—but to fail!

They sprang to his side, Aunt Deborah and David together. The old lady's voice was gentle, trying to comfort him.

But David's voice rang.

"Wherever the cross is we'll find it. You and I, Martin. We'll seek for it till we find it. Wherever it is!"

CHAPTER 12

How Mush Did Roach Know?

In the morning behind barred doors they concerted their plans. For although Aunt Deborah had snapped at David's proposal, had dismissed it for "moonshine and nonsense," yet more than once he had surprised her eyes on him proudly.

"Stubborn," she muttered. "As stubborn as your poor father."

This said she had pursed her mouth to a very grim look, had gone upstairs, and returned with a purseful of money, which she pressed into Martin Narraway's hand.

"Man," she said fiercely, "you will have to buy yourself some new clothes."

With the arrest at Porthfrennon of the actual criminal Martin had no longer to fear the police. And, though Roach would possibly try further interference, he dared not, they felt certain, come out into the open. His stealthy devices to intercept the message had been foiled. Try again he might; but only by more stealth.

So it was decided that Martin and David should go into Penzance. There, after they had bought some ready-made clothing, they would stay quietly at the Peacock Inn until Thursday, when Aunt Deborah, having remained behind to watch Roach to see if he made any move on this dual departure, would join them with David's bag and funds from the bank. On the Saturday morning she was to return by herself to Torferry and the other two would start in quest of the cross.

"We'll have spent Friday first," the indomitable woman decreed, "in searching the books of Penzance Library for it. They have any number of reference works there, one or other of which should give us a clue."

But none of the books did. Not one volume in the library proved the least help. Nor could Mr. Trelawney at the bank help when Aunt Deborah consulted him very guardedly.

"I have poked my nose in every corner of Britain," he frowned, "but I've never heard of a St. Palfry's Cross."

"A place, do you think?"

"Eh? What else can it be but a place? Though you would expect the gazetteers to give it in that case."

"I am thinking it's maybe a cross that stands in some market square."

Mr. Trelawney was wondering what caused her to ask. And dearly would his client have loved to tell him. But the promise she had given old Martin restrained her.

"Why do I want to know?" Aunt Deborah echoed, drawing on the glove which she had removed. "Can't an old woman, then, take an interest in old monuments? Like to like, Mr. Trelawney. Say I'm an antiquary."

"I would say you had a sound reason," he replied, twinkling. "Well, would you like me to have inquiries made for you?"

"Certainly not!" snapped Aunt Deborah. "Certainly not, man."

He watched her down the street through his blind, as he always did. "A wonderful woman!" he sighed. "I wish we'd more like her."

Back at the inn, she retold them about Mr. Roach. How, a few minutes after they had gone, the lawyer had come to the cottage asking for David. And how she had taxed him with his ill-treatment of

David. Roach had laughed and declared he had shut the lad up for his obstinacy, but had never really intended to keep him all night. To which she herself had retorted, "I've only your word for it."

Then Roach had smiled at her sleekly and asked for the drummer. "I hear he was in your cottage last night," he had added.

"And who told you that?"

"Polwheveral told me that."

"Then Polwheveral has no right to spy on the man. And you ought to call him off now you've caught the real criminal."

"Call him off!" Roach had repeated, raising his eyebrows. "And do you suppose that I set Polwheveral on him?"

"I do. And you'll never convince me that you did not."

"Well, accidents will happen. We all make mistakes. And where has the fellow gone?"

"Am I the man's keeper?"

"It seems to me that you don't know your real friends, Miss Primrose."

"I can make a pretty good guess," she had answered him tartly.

"My advice to you is to take care you're not imposed upon. Every worthless tramp has a wonderful yarn to spin. They learn them on the roads while they're going along, and they use them to prey upon the feelings of people. They make a set at maiden ladies, Miss Primrose. Don't you let wandering impostors get over you."

And all this time, she told David, Roach had been watching her; endeavouring to find out from her face and manner how much they had learned from the man he was after, trying to sting her into some unwise retort which might give away the extent of her knowledge.

"And what did you answer when Roach talked of impostors?"

"I told him, David, that there were impostors in every profession. I said now and then even lawyers didn't run straight. I said, 'We read cases now and then in the papers when lawyers have even tried to rob widows—and orphans. Terrible impostors they must have been.'"

"And what did Roach say?"

"He just mounted his horse and rode off, clattering down the lane. David, you'll be careful," she went on earnestly. "Roach can hunt for the cross as well as another!"

"Yes, I know. And pay unscrupulous brutes to hunt for him."

"But he has to find out what the writing says first," put in Martin.

"He may know that already."

"Fiddlesticks!" snapped Aunt Deborah.

Martin Narraway sat for a little space in deep thought. "From the moment," he pronounced at last, raising his head—"from the moment that I took charge of that writing in the bush it has never left my body until I gave it to you on the sands."

"Well, then—"

"But I would like to ask you one question, ma'am. Did Mr. Roach know David's father at all?"

"They were more or less friends when both of them were young men. That was before David's father went to Australia."

"Did they write each other letters afterwards?"

"I don't know," she answered.

He pondered this. Then, his shrewd eyes regarding them thoughtfully, he began again, with that halting fashion of speech which often follows those who have led lives of loneliness.

"I think that Roach may more than suspect what the message contains. Don't ask me how that could come about; I don't know. But I feel it. It is certain he had traced me as being with John Keddie when he died, and it's next door to certain that he had me trailed from Australia. Therefore he may know more on the top of that."

And a certain colour was given to Martin's conjecture when that afternoon they saw Roach coming out of the library. Roach was frowning.

TO BE CONTINUED

Tales Before Bedtime

The Blue Silk Bag

BETTY bent eagerly over the box of bits, turning the pieces over with her hand.

At last she took out a strip of blue silk and held it up to see how big it was.

"It's like Mummy's best dress," she said; "I'll make it into a pretty little bag big enough for her handkerchief."

She stole quietly away to the nursery and sat down to make her present, which was to be ready for her mother's birthday in three days' time.

When it was finished she wrapped it up in white tissue paper, tied it with blue ribbon, and hid it away in her drawer.

Two days after, on the evening before the birthday, she heard her mother saying something to Daddy which made her stand still and listen very carefully.

They were dressing to go out together for the evening, and Betty was on her way across the landing. She peeped into the bedroom, and saw Mother standing with the blue dress in her hands.

"Oh, dear!" she was saying. "I do wish this dress had a pocket. I'm wretched without one, and I nearly always lose my handkerchief. I ought to have sewn one in."

"Well, there isn't time now," Daddy answered; "but why ladies never have pockets in their dresses I—"

But this time it was Betty who interrupted him.

She burst into the room carrying a little white parcel.



"Please do," said Betty

"I can't keep it till tomorrow!" she cried. "Here, Mummy, it's your birthday present!"

"Oh! but I won't open it till tomorrow," Mother said.

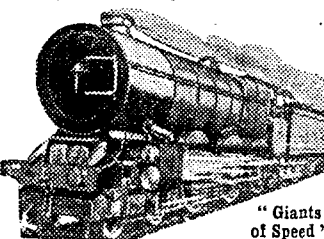
"Yes, yes, you must, now! Oh, please do, and then you'll understand!"

And she did indeed when the pretty little blue bag was unwrapped.

"Why, it's like magic!" she cried. "Daddy, look! It's just exactly the thing I most needed. Oh, Betty, thank you heaps of times. I'm so glad you didn't keep it till tomorrow!"

And so was Betty when she saw Mummy off with the little bag hanging so prettily from the belt of her dress.

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Silence is Bitter, But Its Fruit is Sweet



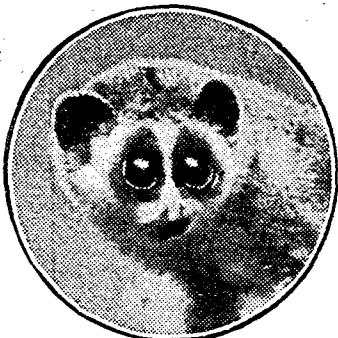
THE BRAN TUB

Strange Arithmetic

If from six you take nine,
And from nine you take ten,
This seems rather strange, I must own;
And if fifty from forty
Be taken, why then
You'll leave half a dozen alone.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Slender Loris

The Slender Loris is purely nocturnal in its habits, and spends the day asleep on the branch of a tree, its body rolled up like a ball. It inhabits the forests of Southern India and Ceylon, and feeds on leaves, young shoots of trees, fruits, insects, and birds. The name Loris is derived from the Dutch word loeris, meaning a clown; and, judging by the creature's portrait, it has been well chosen.

Ici On Parle Français



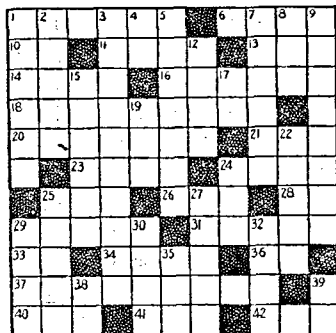
La guérite vous tient chaud en hiver.
Le renard a la queue très touffue.
Le bateau est à l'ancre dans le port.

Is Your Name Faraday?

It is not quite certain what the origin of this well-known surname is, but Dr. Weekley thinks that Fara is the medieval English Fere, to travel, so that the name would mean Travelling Day. But day here is not a period of time but a changed spelling of day, a loaf-kneader. A female ancestor of the Faradays, therefore, may have been a woman who went from place to place and earned a living and a high reputation as a good kneader of bread.

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below, and the answers will appear next week.

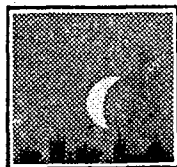


Reading Across. 1. Apparent. 6. Former Russian ruler. 10. Look. 11. A name. 13. Exist. 14. A yard. 16. Kingdoms. 18. Wandering. 20. One who talks idly. 21. To incite. 23. The handle of a sword. 24. Town near the Red Sea. 25. Fifth sign of the Zodiac. 26. To sink in the middle. 28. Compass point (abbrev.). 29. Pithy. 31. Admired. 33. Authorised Version (abbrev.). 34. An image. 36. Pronoun. 37. To pursue steadily. 40. Before. 41. No. 42. Gained.

Reading Down. 1. Interwoven strands. 2. A great artery. 3. A figure of speech conveying the opposite to what is meant. 4. Negative. 5. Towers. 7. Preserved. 8. A limb. 9. Given up. 12. Not far distant. 15. One or the other. 17. Indefinite article. 19. A measure. 22. A member of the civet family. 24. Past. 25. One of the mechanical powers. 27. A narrow passage. 29. A narrow band of linen. 30. The first garden. 32. Range of vision. 35. Eggs. 38. Royal Engineers (abbrev.). 39. Above and touching.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Jupiter and Uranus are in the south-west.



In the morning Mercury, Venus, and Mars are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as seen looking south at 8 a.m. on February 15.

A Transposed Word

THE skins of rich and luscious fruits
If you their names transpose,
Will show what seems most like to death
Of anything man knows.

Answer next week

A Hidden Town

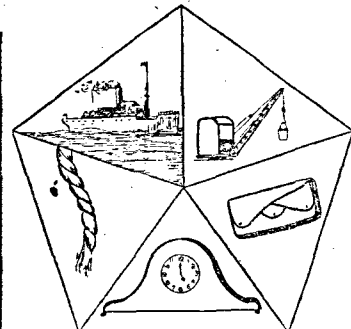
My first is in distance but not in weight,
My second's in crooked but not in straight,
My third is in shadow but not in shade,
My fourth is in commerce but not in trade,
My fifth is in later but not in soon,
My sixth is in blessing but not in boon,
My seventh's in fountain but not in spray,
My eighth is in blossom but not in May,
My ninth is in adverb but not in noun.
Whole, I'm a northern English town.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

PARTRIDGES are now beginning to pair. Ravens and rooks are building their nests. The house pigeon is building its nest. Field crickets are beginning to appear. The colts-foot is coming into blossom. The common honeysuckle is in leaf.

A Picture Puzzle



FIND the names of the objects represented here, and then, by taking one letter from each word, spell the names of (1) a favourite fruit, (2) a spring flower, and (3) a fruit with a velvet-like skin.

Answer next week

Things Just Patented

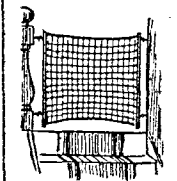
We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Combination Matchbox. Here is a new matchbox-holder which can also be used as an ashtray and cigarette rest. The matchbox holder is fitted with a lid, which on being opened reveals a small tray for ash and spent matches with, attached to one side, a cigarette rest.



A Useful Staircase Guard. Where there are very young children some sort of staircase guard is an absolute necessity, and here is a very simple yet effective form which has the additional advantage of being easily packed into a small space when not in use. It consists of a flexible network attached to two upright posts.

The guard may be quickly placed in position at the top or bottom of the stairs by means of spring hooks which fasten to eyebolts in the banister posts. Window guards are also made on the same principle.



Jacko Takes the Washing Home

JACKO enjoyed most of the jobs that Mrs. Jacko gave him to do, but one of them he disliked very much. There was always a fuss when Friday came round and he was asked to fetch the washing.

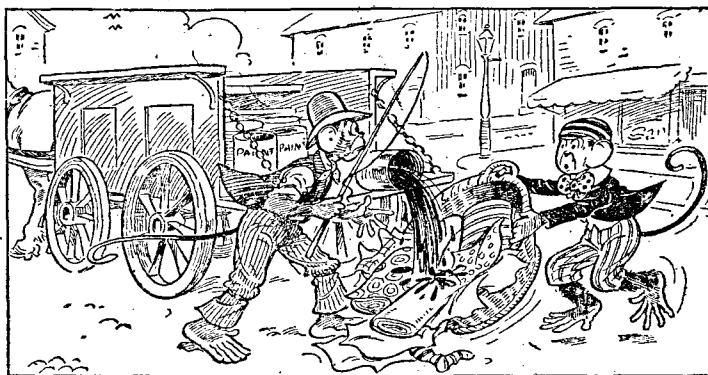
"Why can't Adolphus go for it?" he asked one day when he was feeling more unwilling than ever. "It would do him good to be useful for a change."

Adolphus scowled at him across the room and promptly left the house. He wasn't taking any risks. And a little later poor Jacko had to go off down the road as usual.

He didn't mind paying a visit to Mrs. Muggins the washerwoman, who was a pleasant old lady and generally gave him a bun. But he did mind carrying the basket back. It was fairly heavy, and there was quite a long way to carry it.

That particular morning it seemed heavier than usual; Jacko fairly groaned beneath its weight. Nobody offered to give him a hand with it, and at last he dumped it down on the pavement and tried to think of some easier way of getting his burden home.

At that moment a man came by with a cart full of paint-pots. He was walking by the horse's head, and was apparently



It was in a mess. And so was Jacko

deep in thought. As he passed Jacko had an idea. He very quietly popped the basket on the cart.

The man took no notice. As a matter of fact, he was thinking about the football match he was going to that afternoon, wondering whether his side would win. He was so intent on his thoughts that he never noticed the amused glances of passers-by who guessed what was happening.

Jacko followed at a safe distance, fairly dancing with glee.

"Coo! That was a brain-wave!" he said to himself. "He'll cart the washing all the way home for me!"

But the man did nothing of the sort. After they had gone a little way he suddenly looked round to see if his paint-pots were all right. When he caught sight of the washing-basket he let out an angry roar.

Jacko hastily seized the basket and tried to dash off with it; but the man was too quick for him.

"Piece of impudence!" he exclaimed, seizing the back of Jacko's coat. Indeed, he looked so ferocious that Jacko dropped the basket in case he had to defend himself.

In the excitement he lurched against the little cart.

"Just look at my paint-pots!" cried the man. "I shall get into trouble!"

"And so shall I!" cried Jacko, with a look of dismay; and certainly there was plenty of trouble ahead for him.

The basket was lying on its side, with Mrs. Jacko's clean linen scattered all over the road, no longer spotless but splashed with paint!

It was in a mess. And so was Jacko.

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has only four letters.

Destitute of the natural covering of the head. A melody or song. A hoisting machine. A fruit found in the East.

Answer next week

Proverbs About Beauty

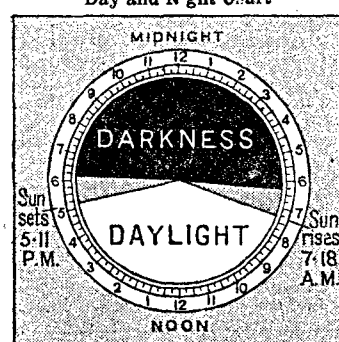
BEAUTY is but skin deep.

The handsomest flower is not the sweetest.
Beauty may have fair leaves but bitter fruit.

Beautiful flowers are soon picked.
Beauty and folly are often companions.

The fairest rose is soonest withered.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

A Rough Crossing

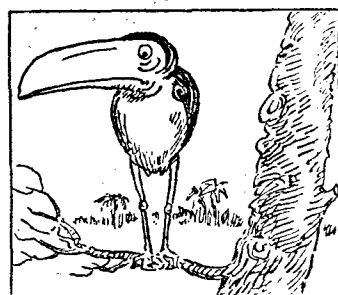
SHIP'S PURSER (cheerily): All first class here, please?
Wretched Passenger (feebly): First class? Now do I look it?

An Ingenious Innkeeper

WHEN George the Second broke his journey at a village inn and was served with an egg the landlord demanded a guinea for it.

"It seems that eggs are very rare here!" remarked the king, smiling.
"Oh, no, your Majesty," replied the landlord. "It is not the eggs that are rare: it is the kings."

Why They Are Short



A TOUCAN with flamingo legs
Would find his limbs too weak
To carry that amount of bird
With that amount of beak.

The Eyes

AN admirer of a young lady who had just made her debut on the stage was going into ecstasies over her beauty when one of his listeners dared to remark that she was indeed a very pretty girl, but one of her eyes was smaller than the other.

"One eye smaller, indeed!" cried the admirer. "Then you have not seen her, for, on the contrary, one of her eyes is larger than the other!"

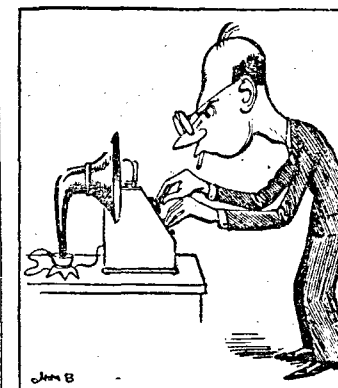
At the Picture Show

YOU look annoyed, old man! What was that lady saying to vex you?
Well, it was rather vexing, but it was funny too. She picks out the wrong pictures to admire and runs down the good ones.

I saw you looking at one or two of mine. What did she say to them?
Oh, she likes yours very much!

The Oscillator

From the B.B.C.'s Picture Gallery



This is how he does it.

How the Albert Chain Got Its Name

ALBERT chains are named after Prince Albert, who made them fashionable. They are short, and have a cross-bar near one end which can be passed through a buttonhole.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Missing Consonants

Elephant, sorrow, holiday, tournament, photographer, automobile, incident, substantial.

A Riddle in Rhyme. Imagination

Changeling
Nail, tail, tall, tell, teal, heal, head.
Buried Fruit
Apple, melon, date, banana, pear, peach, lemon, plum.

Who Am I? Statesman

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

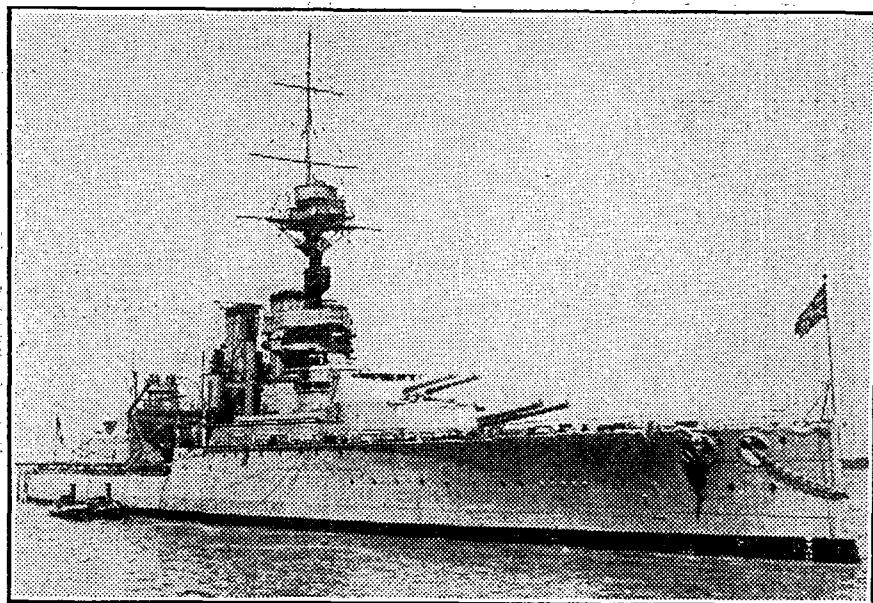
CHILDRENS' NEWSPAPER

February 11, 1928

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada, for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

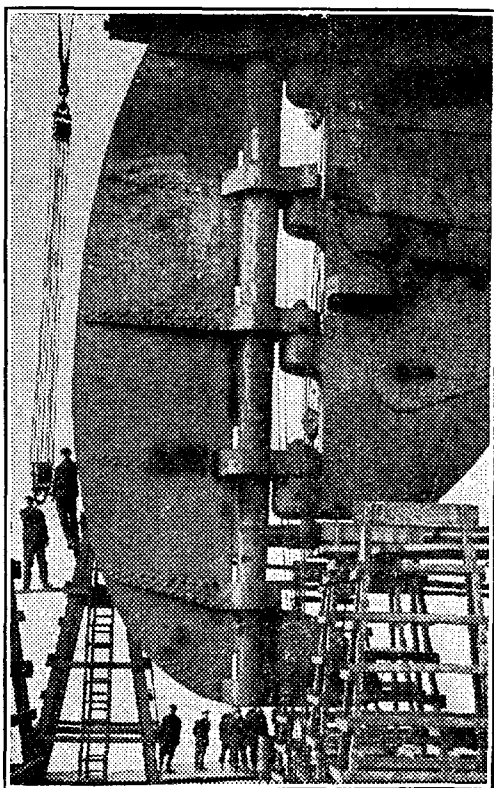
WARSHIP SAILS WITHOUT A CREW • GIRL FIREMEN • BOAT RACE PRACTICE



Battleship Without a Crew—This picture shows the Centurion, which can sail without a man on board. Her engines and steering-gear are controlled from a distance by wireless. See page 4.



The White Danube—Here we see an ice-jam on the Danube at Giurgiu, in Rumania. Artillery fire and bombs dropped from aeroplanes failed to break up the ice and keep the river open.



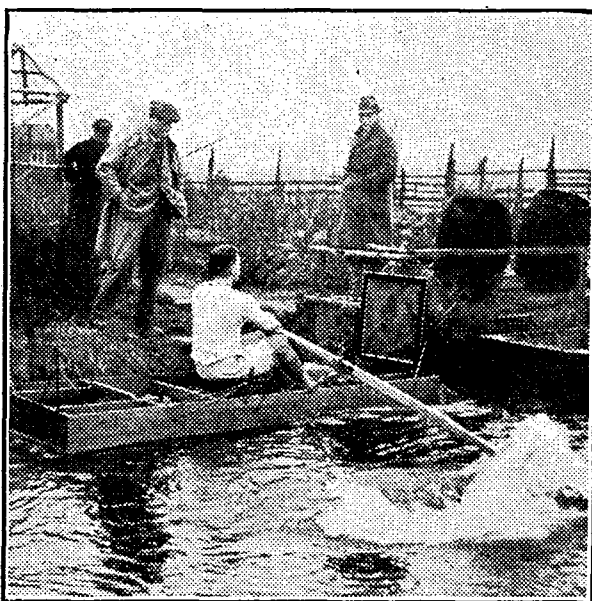
A Liner's Rudder—The men here were at work on the Berengaria's huge rudder while she was in dry dock.



A Black and White Picture—A Swiss chimney-sweep is here shown tramping through the snow to his work at Mürren, the winter sports resort.



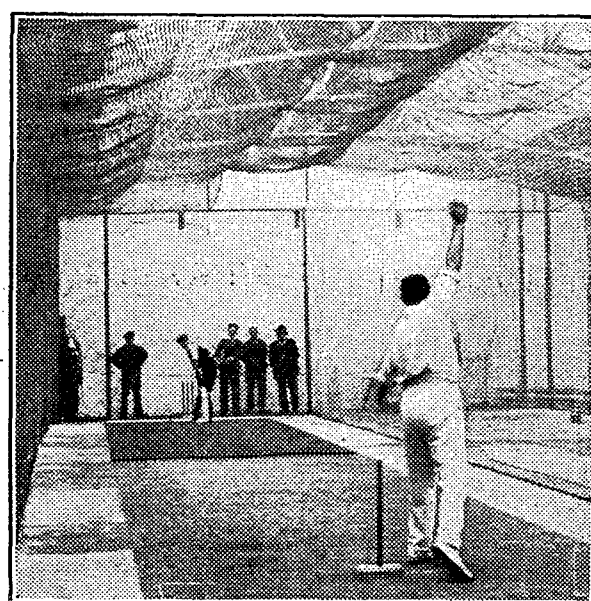
Girls as Firemen—These girls, who are members of a big firm's fire brigade, are practising rescue work.



Getting Ready for the Boat Race—Here we see one of the Oxford crew practising in a captive rowing machine. He watches his reflection in the mirror as he follows the instructions of the coach.



A Canadian Pioneer—This snapshot, taken in 1905, shows Billy Beach, who first proposed a railway to Hudson Bay. On page 3 his son tells us his story.



Indoor Cricket at Nottingham—A big hall with two wickets has been erected at Trent Bridge, the famous cricket ground at Nottingham. Electric lights make it possible to play after dark.

THE WAY OF THE EAR WITH A SOUND—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY

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